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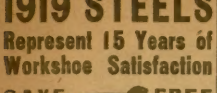

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At the Sign of the Red Triangle

THE cover page of the Ledger this week is donated to the Young Men's Christian Association, one of the organizations which is doing such a wonderful lot of good among our boys "Over There." Starting next Monday and lasting for one week, the Y. M. C. A. will campaign for funds for carrying on its work in connection with six other organizations which have united in one campaign at the request of President Wilson. The amount to be raised is $170,500,000.

The work which the Y. M. C. A. is doing in France is best told perhaps in an extract from an article by Dr. John R. Mott, probably the greatest "Y" man in the world, in a recent issue of the American. He says:

"It pleases me to think that the Y. M. C. A.—the Y, as the boys call it—is doing for your boy the things which you would want to do if you were there. The Red Triangle huts are but branches of your home. The Y is being father and mother to your boy.

"In those little mud-covered villages, where the boys sleep in warehouses, sheds, cellars, hencoops and barns, there is often no single spot where they can be warm and dry—until the Y hut comes. There is no place where a boy can write a letter—and no paper or ink. There is no store, no theater, no library, no postoffice, no motion picture show.

"Then, one day comes the Red Triangle hut. When it is cold a tidy little American stove throws out its rays of warmth. When darkness comes, the lighted windows send across the village a welcome that looks like home. In a corner a phonograph grinds endlessly, day and night. If only you could see one of those overworked phonographs, you would go down into your pockets for the price of a hundred of them and ransack your memory for every one you could possibly guess.

"On tables around the room dozens of men are writing letters TO YOU. At other tables they are playing games. At night there are motion pictures; or perhaps a company of Broadway stars. A hundred of the biggest theatrical people, under the leadership of R. H. Sothern and Winthrop Ames, are giving their services to entertain the soldiers in the Y huts.

"Or it may be that your boys are listening to a sermon by a great preacher, or a lecture by a university professor, or a talk by a big American business man, with something to tell the boys that will be helpful to them after the war. From sun-up until taps the Y huts are busy with help and cheer and friendliness.

"Will you ever think that this is the first war in which the Home has followed the soldier to the front? Do you realize that never before has the noble spirit of womanhood been allowed to make its influence felt in the daily lives of the fighting men? The Y is not only sending to France a few big men, who have made a big gift of great enterprises over here and are paying their own expenses—but it is sending women also—wholesome, cheerful, kindly, good to look upon—women like your wives and daughters.

"To them your boy comes at night, hungry for the sound of a woman's voice in a language he can understand. To them he brings the pictures of his mother, his wife, his sweetheart. And he shows them to these other good women, so tenderly, with a little smile of embarrassment, eager to tell some one what a wonderful mother he has, and what a wonderful girl 'back there' is. When the history of this war is written, the story of those women will be one of the bright chapters in it. We need more of them—hundreds more—to be sisters and mothers to your boys.

"The[illegible] at the end of the week comes Sunday. And in the Y [illegible] a rabbi gathers the Jewish boys together. And, later still, there is a service for the Protestants. Religious differences seem trivial in the face of the grim realities of the battle front.

"A friend of mine who lives in a little American village, told me recently of watching a father whose boy is at the front. The last few months have aged that man ten years. On Sunday morning, when the minister prayed for our boys in France, my friend could see the man's shoulders stiffen. He knew what thoughts were in the father's mind. When the Y. M. C. A. asked that little town for two thousand dollars with which to make life happier for the boys across the ocean, that man asked the privilege of making the canvass. He visited every single house; and that one little town went over the mark by seven hundred dollars. It HAD to go over the mark! That man made its citizens see that they were contributing, not for some far-off, unknown charity, but to keep the life burning in the only Home Its boys have now; to keep books in that home, and entertainments, and lectures, and warmth, and the cheerful voices of big, wholesome men, and the wonderful, devoted American women."

A recital of the work of all these seven organizations, George W. Perkins, writing in Association Men, tells of the great strain under which our boys constantly fight, and adds:

"The drain, therefore, on the nerve force is terrific, and how to relieve the nervous strain is the question.

"One of the best ways has been to erect 'huts' at all camp centers, where the men can gather, play games, sing songs, read, write letters, and watch theatrical performances and moving pictures. Another is by following the fighting troops, providing them with articles of food not supplied by the Government, with tobacco, chocolate, and other things that they crave.

"And still another great piece of work is providing places where our men can go for furloughs. The Frenchmen and the Englishmen when they get their five or seven days' leave, can get to their homes. The only Americans to get back home for a good while will be those who are invalided home. What, then, is he going to do when he gets his week's leave from training and fighting? Those seven organizations have set about to solve the problem. This has been done by engaging great hotels, with their tennis courts, golf links, swimming pools, and the like, where thousands on thousands of American men can enjoy themselves as they would at a club or resort in this country. These places are being managed by American men and women who have gone over solely for this purpose. Aix-les-Bains and Monte Carlo, formerly famous gambling resorts, have been leased for vacation resorts.

"The work that these organizations are doing will be of the utmost importance after the winter, when the fighting will be checked and the weather inclement, when the outdoor sports cannot be indulged in as they are in the summer, and when the feeling of lonesomeness overtakes a man even under normal conditions.

"A friend often hears the question asked, 'Well, if this work is so necessary, why doesn't the Government pay for it out of the bond issue?' The answer is simple and direct. It is a purely personal sort of work, and to produce the best results must continue to be so. For the boys to feel that this is something that the folks at home are doing directly for them adds greatly to its value. If it were done by the Government, it would be done under military direction. When a man now steps into one of these huts, he feels that he is stepping out from under military control and supervision, at least for a moment. The relief is great and valuable."

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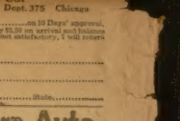

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"CUPID" HESSLER'S GANG

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

By Mollie Frank Ellis

When Percy Delevane Dupree visited Longhorn Riley's ranch, Longhorn's daughter treated him to a dose of Cupid Hessler, the bad man, with startling results.

IT WAS mid-afternoon of an Arizona summer day. As far as the eye could reach the sands lay hot under the sun; the adobe huts were aglare in the white light and the few shadows thrown by the walls were black in the intensity of the contrast. Save for the occasional shufflings of a fly-trefted hound, panting in the shade of a nearby shack, the main street of Cactus was wrapped in the death-like stillness of siesta-time.

Uncle Jake Cannon, ex-sheriff of Yavapia County, and young Jimmy Stratton, his successor, sat in the shade of the awning in front of the sheriff's office. Uncle Jake fanned himself with his wide hat and whimsically eyed the young sheriff who, deep in thought, a serious frown on his face, seemed unaware of the disturbances of his surroundings. He had just finished a recital of his troubles to his old friend and adviser, but obviously it had not served to lighten the gloom upon his ingenuous countenance.

Uncle Jake had listened to him in silence, maintaining through it all a grave courtesy befitting the seriousness of the subject—a solemnity at variance with the twinkle deep down in his keen old eyes. For a full moment after Jimmy had ceased talking he still sat, decorous, as if in profound meditation. Then he spoke:

"I know how you feel about it, Jimmy, and your wishing to help little Miss Sallie is credit to you. But I've lived over seventy years and I've never seen a time yet when it was any use for an outsider to try to straighten out a lovers' tangle for her, no matter [illegible] really love your cousin Sally she'll attend to the rest! The Lord never made a woman yet who wasn't capable of handling the man who loves her, without outside assistance. She'll find out all she needs to know about him without your putting in. I know, because I made the mistake once of trying to help a woman judge the man she loved. What I got out of it was this."

He lifted his hand to a scar just above his temple. "Did I ever tell you about that, Jimmy?"

The young sheriff's anxious face cleared. He was always ready to listen to Uncle Jake's own inimitable way. He rolled a cigarette and settled himself more comfortably in the chair.

"No, Uncle Jake, you have never told me that story; but won't you light up first?" He struck a match lovingly.

The old man took out his shiny pipe and looked at it with fond eyes. After a second, however, he put it back into his pocket. "Too hot, Jimmy!" he sighed with a shake of his grizzled head. "It ain't soon enough for me that the weathers get all discouraged out here in Yavapia—especially during July and August. They've spent years under this Arizona sun, scorning these here lakes of burnin' sands and brimstone hills for bad men to ain't easy scared by remarks concernin' the temperature to be comin'.

He opened his shirt another button at the throat and fanned his red face with wide sweeps of his sombrero. For a time the glaring silence was unbroken. Above, in the brazen heavens, a buzzard sailed in ever-widening circles, indifferent to the sun rays beating upon his broad wings. Once from a distant dwelling a cock crowed, and once the lank hound yelped petulantly.

Impatient at the delay, the young sheriff stirred in his chair. Uncle Jake's keen eyes came back from their reminiscent stare across the far reaches of palpitating desert. He glanced at Jimmy apologetically and began at once.

It was when I was riding range for Longhorn Riley. I'd sort of been one of the family for years, having come to the Los Palmas ranch when I was only a boy. Longhorn had a son in business in Albuquerque—he hadn't took to the ranch at all—and two daughters who lived at home. The oldest was an invalid, as sweet a woman as ever lived. The other, the kid, was the sassiest, purtiest, laughin'est little rascal that was ever born to torment men half out of their wits! Her name was Rose, and she sure was that blossom! She was all pink and white; her skin was satiny like the petals on a flower, and her lips were scarlet, all crumpled up and invitin' just like rose leaves. Her thorny little tongue scratched a man's feelings terrible bad and sometimes tore at his heart, but it never seemed to drive him away. It only made him wild to dare it again, so as to get a little closer. You know the kind, eh, Jimmy?

Rose had been East to the gal's school that her sister had attended and when she come home durin' the vacation of her second year she brought with her a whole album of pictures. They was all nice pictures and I reckon we-all would have enjoyed 'em lots if they hadn't every one of 'em been of the same feller.

She Was White and Her Eyes Had a Sort of Pitiful Look That Made My Heart Skip a Beat With Fear. We Stood Up Quick.

That was what made old Longhorn cuss. Rose had that man in day clothes and evening clothes and something scant enough, so her dad said, to have been night clothes—the Rose explained, haughty, that they was the things he wore to a field meet, whatever that may be. Then she had him in a tennis suit, a baseball suit and a swimming suit—which last set old Longhorn to cussin' again.

The worst of it, tho, as her dad said to me later, was that in all of 'em that fellow was too darned good looking to allow of his being any account. I'd seen pictures of handsome men before, but this here Percy Delevane Dupree had 'em all skinned and their hides nailed up to cure.

"Mind what I say, Jake!" old Longhorn growls to me. "If he's good, he's too good to be true; and if he ain't good we don't want him wished on to our Rose!"

"That being the case," says I, "we'd better get busy doing something about it, for it's plain enough the gal is in love with him!"

"You're right, Jake, we must do something about it!" The old man brings his fist down on the corral fence, but I notice he don't meet my eye. For we both knowed that, Rose being Rose, we'd just continue to confine ourselves to grumbling together when she wasn't about. Rose had run the ranch so many years we didn't ever expect to break up the habit.

So when next day she comes running out to where we was separating calves, and announces that her friend Mister Dupree is coming to make us a visit we just look into her sparkling eyes and happy face and make out like we are plumb tickled to death. When she is gone flying back to the house, the Longhorn draws a sigh.

"I wish her sister Lucy was here!" he groans.

Doc Wells, who runs the sanitarium up in the hills for lungers, had sent Lucy to the coast a month before. He had told her the change would do her good, but when Longhorn had tried to pin him down he had changed the subject, abrupt. So we-all was mighty worried about her.

"Lucy ain't in no condition to be bothered with anything," I says.

"I know it," answers Longhorn, gloomy, "but I ain't no judge of Eastern dudes, Jake, and neither are you. None of the ranches east of the Rockies is familiar with me. It's up to us, tho, to see that Rose gets a square deal in the matrimonial game. It's a durned sight bigger game than poker, and Rose don't know a flush from a full house! If her mother was alive we wouldn't have to worry none. She was a mighty good judge of human critters, was Virginia Riley. She'd know at one glance just how much this here Percy Delevane Dupree would assay to the ton and she wouldn't be fooled none by his good looks and breath to sure beats all the calendars I ever seen! It ain't to be wondered at, Jake, that a gal like Rose would go plumb loco over him."

"I don't know as her is exactly what you'd call purty," says I, thoughtful. "Did you notice the muscles on him? His chest looked like a packin'-box in that swimmin' suit."

Seemlike remarks concernin' that swimmin' suit always irritated the old man. He rounds on me irritable. "You know what I mean!" he snaps, and closed the conversation by roping me off to calf.

Next morning we was off early to ship our baby beef to market from Beaver Tanks and I promise you them cussed little critters kept us from worryin' ourselves about anything else durin' the whole of that journey. We was gone three days and all that time I never thought of Mister Perc once. If Longhorn did he kept it to himself.

When Longhorn shades his eyes with his hand and gazes across the sands toward the ranch house.

"Ain't that Mesquite comin' toward us?" he asks.

Mesquite was Rose's pony and I seen that Mesquite had company.

"It is," I answers. "The other hawss is Danbridge."

Danbridge was the ranch show hawss, reserved for guests. I could have told the old man who was on him—I guessed it in a second. But I shut my lips together tight. There ain't ever any use meetin' trouble half way.

Longhorn stares, his eyes narrowed. "By the Great Horn Toad!" he explains at last, gazin' at his flat form on the pommel of his saddle. "It's him! Jake, it's him!"

"Take a grip on your feelin's, Longhorn!" I warns. "Beauty ain't a penitentiary offense in Arizona, and that's all you've got against the man."

I needn't have worried, tho; the old man could be a sport when he wanted to. He mopped them two wild eyes of a reignin' monarch. He sweeps off his wide hat and hands that there prize beauty a bow fit to set before a king! I follers suit the best my hand will allow, and we all ambles home, as sweet and sticky as bees in a hive.

Well, as the days goes by it is plain that that feller ain't come out to the ranch to make no formal call. He has come, on Rose's invitation, to make a visit and a few days one way or the other don't matter to him a bit.

Longhorn and me are sort of set against him to start on, which is natural, but it ain't a week till we are likin' him in spite of ourselves. Mind, I reckon, because he is playin' in such bad luck with Rose. He don't make no bones of showin' what he has come to the ranch for, but aside from lookin' after his comfort like a good hostess Rose treats him generally like he was a yaller dawg. If Longhorn and me hadn't been informed beforehand that she loved him we'd started in to hate her. We couldn't help but be tickled to see her handle him like that tho we had the decency to be sorry for him, too. Every day we 'lowed he wouldn't stand it any longer, and every day he'd ante again and call for cards. At last we got to gamblin' on it.

"Bet you a five, Jake, that right here is where we lose our interestin' guest!" says Longhorn, who was gettin' ashamed of Rose—he was great on givin' everybody a square deal, was Longhorn. "Did you see what she handed him at breakfast? By the Great Horned Toad, if it had been me I'd either have left her by

this time or have kidnaped her and carried her off." I'd never have believed that anybody likin to me could be so durned unfair as Rose is to that feller! Raise you that five to a ten he won't stand it another twenty-four hours!"

"You're forgettin' that Rose, the kin to you, is a woman—and a woman in love, at that!" I answers, significant. "There ain't anything under the sun as unfair as a woman in love!"

Longhorn looks thoughtful. "Mebby you're right," he says at last, scratchin' his gray head. "Somehow, Jake, I've got to likin' the cuss in spite of myself. He can't make her fight fair because she's a woman; he won't break the rules himself, so he just sets his teeth and holds on. That feller would make a bully bronco buster. They ain't a better way in the world to break in a frisky filly. If we knowed for shore he was straight goods I'd make her quit this polly foolin' if I had to rassle her with a strap!"

I grins at this, cmin' from Longhorn, who lays down and rolls over wheniver Rose so much as checks the cayuse. Longhorn he grins too, but shakes his head, earnest. "I mean it!" he insists. "But I ain't ever seen a purty man yet that was worth a bullet. There's always a yaller streak in 'em somewhere."

"I wish there was something we could do," I answers, "but I reckon' there ain't."

I was mistaken about that, tho, as we found out that night. Longhorn and me was setting in the old man's office goin' over some accounts, for it was late, when the door opened and Rose come in. She was white and her eyes had a sort of pitiful look that made me want to take a beat with fear. We stood up, quick. "What is it, gal?" asks Longhorn, in a tone that promised to do anything pleasant for whoever might be responsible.

"Daddy," cries Rose, in a tremblin' little voice, kinda' forlorn, as she huddles on her hands, "you've been father and mother both to me always, and Jake has been like a brother ever since I was a child. I'm in trouble and I've come to you two for help! I want to know—" She stopped, short, and caught her breath with a little sobbing sound that made Longhorn clinch his big fists. But she got her courage back right away. Rose always hated a coward. "I want to know if the man I love is a man!"

Longhorn's mouth went grim. He looks at me sort of grim and proud. "By the Great Horned Toad, she's kin to me!" he growls under his breath. Then he turns to Rose, his eyes glowin'.

"You've come to the right place for anything you want in the way of answers. The color came floodin' back into Rose's pale cheeks and a smile lighted her eyes. "Daddy," she said, "I'm in trouble, it's true, but—"

"Trouble, my hind hoof!" interrupts Longhorn, waving his big hand. "I've a plan," she begins, hesitatin'. "If you and Jake will help me."

Longhorn settled back in his chair and draws her down on his knee. "Set, Jake!" he drawls. "We're goin' to talk this over!"

I see; but when I hears the plan I gets to my feet again. "That let's me out!" I says, short. "I'm no hand at mean trick and nobody but a woman would propose it!"

Longhorn looks sort of down in the mouth himself, but he tries to hold up for Rose. "It ain't just what you'd call a square deal," he says, kinda' feeble, "but Rose has got a right to want to know—"

"I won't have nothin' to do with it!" I snaps, startin' for the door.

But it ends after all, just like everything always ends when Rose is there. She came over with a little rush and put her soft hands over my mouth.

"Oh, Jake!" she says, reproachful, her big eyes pleadin' with me, "I never would have thought you'd desert your little Rose—just when she needed you most!"

"Might as well admit it, Jake!" grins Longhorn, who has been thru it before. I tried hard not to give in, but I felt myself goin'. "If you don't stop that I'd turn you over my knee!" I says, gasiic at Longhorn, stern.

"Mebby that's what you would, Jake," answers the old man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm going to knit you a pair of bed socks, Jake dear," coaxes Rose, pattin' me on the arm. "What color do you like best?"

"No you don't!" I growls. "I got two of them things now that you made for me with the wool was all left, so ain't to be homswiggled that easy! Make it a kiss or else count me out!"

Longhorn laughs triumphant, while Rose done it—twice.

"Now tell it all again," I says, grinnin' myself. "Let's see the whole hog—I've throwed my honor away!"

Well, we three set there till plumb midnight, arranging the details of Rose's plan to try out the manhood of Mister Percy Delevane Dupree.

"Well here's the plan," Idaho Smith in on this," says the old man, as we rose to go. "Of course we needn't tell him nothin' except that we've arrangin' a pleasant little joke for the amusement of our guest. Is everybody sure of his part? Looky here, Rose, don't you spring nothin' except what's been arranged, or Jake and me are likely to get balled up."

"I'm likely to anyhow," I says, gloomy. "I ain't no play-actor."

"You're just wonderful at anything,

This Story Will Amaze and Thrill You!

SOMETIMES in these days of new and startling things an author has the courage to come out with a story that goes even further in the matter of science than the world has gone in reality. Jules Verne created a sensation in the days when he wrote his book "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Submarines as a reality were unthought of then. Today submarines no longer thrill us in a fiction story. They have become too common.

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Jake dear!' coos Rose, pattin' my hand.

"All right," I says, reckless, "this here is your party. Don't kick if somebody butts in and shoots up the musicians. I ask to be planted just west of the arroyo. I'm plumb fond of the view from there!"

Then I moseys off to bed. I might as well have stayed up the rest of the night, tho, for all the rest I got. I never went to sleep once, for a mess more critters and had more fights. Time mornin' come I was plumb wore out.

At breakfast that mornin' Rose turns to Mister Percy, sweet as pie. "How would you like to spend the day exploring this canyon with us? We can take our lunch with us and eat at Pinnacle Rock."

Percy stares at her as if he believes his ears have gone loco. I couldn't blame him. I reckon it was the first time since he'd been there that she had offered to go anywhere with him alone. Seems he decides it ain't true or else he fears a trick, for he says sort of hesitatin'

"You mean you will send me with a guide?"

"I said we would go," answers Rose, lookin' down, demure, at her plate.

Mister Percy's eyes lights up. He makes his arrangement forward, upsettin' his coffee. Longhorn winks at me, then pulls a long face.

"I don't know as this here picnic, daughter," he says, grave. "I just got word yesterday that Black Bill Hessler and his gang are reported horsabouts. You know what that means."

Mister Percy glances up, sharp. "Indians!" he cries.

"Nope, bad men!" Longhorn's voice is solemn. "Indians ain't nothin'. All we got around here is Indians! Wouldn't I'd rather meet the Old Boy hisself than Black Bill Hessler and his gang! The report sent says they're headed raightin' this direction, and I'm not certain but what you'd better change your plans and stay up. It may all be a false alarm, but some greaser has got—them Mexicans throw a fit at sight of such fellers as Black Bill. Are you a good hand with a six-shooter?"

"Only fair," answers Percy, lookin' anxious at Rose. "Maybe we had better not venture too far away by ourselves, Miss Rose," he suggests.

Rose's eyes snaps scornful and her soft lips tightens. "I see that don't look like good for Mister Percy. A man would have knowned he wasn't givin' up the trip because he was afraid for himself, but for his gal; and he'd have knowed, too, just how hard it was to do. But Rose was a woman, and of course that settled that!

"Of course, if you are afraid——" she says, haughty.

Mister Percy changes color. "I am afraid for you!" he answers, stiff.

"You need not be," she replies. "I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. However, if you fear any personal danger we will drop it entirely."

"Well, of course, if there wasn't nothin' he could do but go—which was what he was dyin' to do all the time, anyhow.

Soon as Rose sees she has carried her point she gets all sweet and meltin', just like a woman.

"I'll and talk to the cook about lunch," she says, blushin' fit to give a man heart failure just from lookin' at her. "It is going to be a picnic."

"It is!" exclaims Percy, so earnest that Longhorn nearly chokes on his bread. "I convinch he says, serious, "I shall hold you responsible for my daughter's safety. Mister Dupree. I do not like to interfere with the pleasure of a guest, but if I had my way you shouldn't take this trip at all!"

Percy comes out of his happy trance with a start. His eye meets Longhorn's, square.

"If you don't think it is safe for Miss Rose just say the word and we won't go!" he says, settin' his jaw.

Right there I seen that Longhorn was goin' too far, so I jumps in to turn the herd. "Oh, they ain't any danger—I bet, there ain't a word of truth in the report about Black Bill! He may not be within a hundred miles of here. I don't believe in payin' any attention to them kind of reports unless they come mighty straight from somebody you can rely on."

"Mebby you're right about it, Jake," agrees Longhorn, wich seems he has come nigh to queerin' the game.

Just then Rose comes back from the kitchen. "I'll run up and get into my riding togs," she smiles.

That is more than Mister Percy can stand. He starts for the door. "Excuse me," he says to me and Longhorn, "I'll go up and get ready, also."

Longhorn and me hooks out onto the veranda. It was as fine a mornin' as old Yavapia ever seen—which is the finest mornin's in the world, I reckon. I knowed that no man with red blood in his veins could go off for a picnic alone with the gal he loved on a day like that without hopin' for a bit of a showdown. But just what the showdown would be was what was botherin' me! I looks at Longhorn and he looks at me back.

"I don't like it!" I says. "You'd better stop it before it's too late."

Longhorn looks sheepish. "You stop it, Jake!" he grins. "You have my permission.

Just then Mister Percy comes out and, accordin' to orders, I reaches for my revolver. I waits, tho, till I hears Rose whistle, soft, on the bunkhouse corner. Then I hands him the gun, breakin' it to show him that it's loaded.

"Better take it with you," I says. "You won't need it, but it's always best to be prepared for emergencies."

He thanks me and takes it in his hand. Just then Rose calls to us from the corral. I speaks up, sudden. "I'll rub it off!"

He whirls and rushes into the house, leavin' the gun with me. [illegible]

[illegible] Rose.

"Here's your revolver!" I says. He grabs it as he passes and drops it into his pocket without looking at it—which is what we had banked on. Then he is after Rose, racin' her to the fence.

"Remember, Jake," Rose says as they mount, "you are to return early. I'll be uneasy if you ain't home by dark."

"Why of course, Daddy!" answers Rose, wavin' her hand as they ride off.

When they are gone Longhorn looks at me and grins. "Well, I'm plumb sheepish, for I feel plumb ashamed. "It's a durned mean trick, even if it is Rose's I says, sorry.

"Nothin' is mean that will show up the man Rose loves for what he is!" answers Longhorn, solemn.

We-all passed a mighty restless day, waitin' for the time to start. Longhorn was anxious to get it over. He couldn't stick and he wouldn't even play still for ten minutes at a time. He was plain to anybody that he was considerable troubled in his mind. I was plumb sorry of all Rose's foolishness. As for me, I hadn't made no bones of showin' what I thought of it all from the very beginnin'. Consequently, they wasn't nobody was cheerful except Idaho Smith, who was employin' himself joyous, in thinkin' up some little details for the picnic, which he hold-up seem picturesque and realistic to our guest.

About an hour before sundown we starts off to meet Mister Percy and Rose. We had arranged it with Rose to be in hidin' where a small round mesa juts out Rius Ridge. When we gets there we slips in among the rocks and takes a look out across the mesa. We could see two riders on the edge of the horizon, mebby fifteen minutes away.

"You two go back," I warns Longhorn and Idaho. "When I say 'Hands up!' you rush out!"

We all th[illegible] put on our masks; and as there two come ridin' round the corner of the pass, all laughin' and happy, I steps out, sweeps off my hat and makes 'em a grand bow.

"It's a fine evenin'!" I remarks, pleasant.

Percy looks at me kind of surprised and uneasy; but it is plain he ain't made up his mind yet that I mean mischief. You see, he hadn't ever been acquainted with the kind of desperados we have in Yavapia, who will shoot you thru the heart, smilin' all the time, amiable and polite. But Rose gives a scream and throws up her hands.

"It's Black Bill Hessler!" she cries.

At that I scowls something awful and pulls out my gun. I ain't quick enough, tho, by a second and a half. Percy has his pistol in his fist and is pumpin' cold lead into me quicker'n you could count! That is, he would have been pumpin' it into me if there had been any in his gun. I was plumb relieved that Rose and me had taken the trouble to empty that revolver before he left the house.

"Hands up!" I raspe; and out jumps Longhorn and Idaho.

When Mister Percy realizes that his weapon is empty his face goes white. He throws it on the ground and raises his hands above his head. He is mighty slow about it, tho, and I moves him a little faster by throwin' forward my shotgun.

"Search the lady, too!" I orders Idaho. At which Mister Percy flares up, speakin' mighty uppity for a man in his position.

"Don't you dare touch the lady!" he snaps.

"The gent is inclined to be brash, boys," I says, sarcastic. "I reckon he 'lows I'm carryin' a pop-gun. Mebby he'll call me down when he gets closer."

Longhorn and Idaho turns their revolvers on him, menacin' like; and Idaho's gun is so close he didn't see no room enough to skeer a catamount. But Percy never bats an eye.

"I never use weapons," falters Rose. Then she turns on Percy, reproachful. "Aren't you going to do something?" she asks, kinda' pitiful.

He looks first into the muzzles of them three revolvers and then at her. Her big brown eyes was shinin' scornful, and he glances back, quick, at the three guns to find 'em the most restful. "What do you expect me to do?" he inquires.

"Now shoot!" I commands. "But a man, if he were a real man, should do something!"

"Get down off your mare!" I breaks in. "We'll take the lady's word for it that she ain't armed." Then I adds grinnin' "Don't be too hard on the lady. He's right to sit tight. This here climate ain't the kind for sudden exercise. It sometimes brings on leakage of the heart."

Rose throws up her head haughty. "You would not dare to talk [illegible]

[illegible] Winner Just like a [illegible] Rose."

"Why, Rose!" he says, low. "Oh, Rose!"

But Rose only tosses her head and looks down from her hawse, her cheeks afire.

"It's too late to travel any farther tonight, boys," I says. "Build a fire and we'll camp right here."

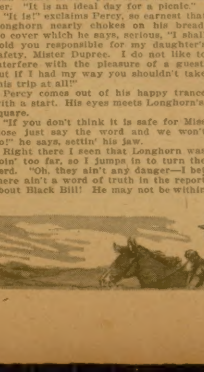
"If it's ransom you're after, name your price and let the lady go!" speaks up Percy.

I looks him over, insultin' like. "Who are you?" I snorts. "How'd I know if you're worth a dollar? Mebby the lady's father is the richest man in the whole country. Keep your change, mister, we've got a notion to hold you here for a real ransom; the old man would pay for the gal's freedom with his heart's blood!"

"You bet he would!" says Longhorn, solemn.

Well, Idaho builds a fire and cooks supper, which nobody but him can eat. I reckon all of us has our reasons for not bein' hungry—I know I did. I feels small enough to crawl into a prairie dog hole. Longhorn looks sheepish, and I can see by his face that he is all hot inside from what he considers a low down trick I let out. Only Idaho, who isn't onto the real state of affairs, is plumb tickled over this here funny game we're playin' on our guest. I looks at Longhorn, significant, and then at Percy and Rose. The old man starts to speak, but turns his mouth, so he quits, sudden, and only shakes his gray head, helpless-like. I can see it is a mighty hard thing with Rose. She has got herself into a mess and it is up to her to get herself out again. Nobody can help her any more. The trial she has planned has been pulled off according to orders; her man hasn't come up to the scratch—he how anybody could feel about a man, and different under the circumstances I can't see—and so it is up to her to make the next move. Rose is a girl who knows, she has fixed matters so that Percy will be tied up, hand and foot, and then expects him to make love and kneel down and impossible, just because he is the man she loves! Still—all of us bein' but weak mortals—as my preacher says—I feel a sort of sneakin' sympathy and sense of fun in Mister Percy myself! I glances at Longhorn and surprises him in startin', scornful, at his guest.

Take it altogether, it wasn't what you'd call a real cheerful gatherin', the Idaho does his best to make things lively. He starts a runnin' fire of remarks intended to keep our friend Percy from gettin' sleepy, and I must say he succeeds, beautiful. Percy's face gets whiter



and grimmer every minute. He just sets there, starin' into the fire, for he had long ago give up lookin' at Rose. Nobody blamed him none for that. Her furious eyes and scornful face was enough to sear a man's soul. Seemlike she had plumb forgot everything in the world except her desire to hurt and humiliate the man who had failed to measure up to her ideal of a man—the man who had won her heart. I was afraid she'd forget herself and give the whole thing away. I wasn't goin' to let that happen; the little gal's secret must be kept!

All of a sudden she gets to her feet. "I am going to get on my horse and go home!" she says, determined.

I points my gun at her. "You will set right where you are, miss!" I answers, ominous.

She turns on me, furious. "Is this the way gentlemen treat an unprotected woman?" she demands.

I play up to her. So I feel some like a yaller dog. I smiles, sarcastic, and waves my gun at Percy.

"You ain't polite, lady," I replies. "You unprotected—with a great big he-man like that to look after you! Tut-tut, now! I wouldn't say that!"

Percy has been glancin' all about him, quick and furious; and at my words he suddenly goes all to pieces. He gives a sharp groan, flings his hands across his eyes and begins sobbin' like a woman. It sure was sickenin' to hear it, comin' from a big, two-fisted fellow like him!

"Please, men, turn those guns away!" he cries. "I can't bear for those black muzzles to stare at me like that. Turn them away! Turn them away, I tell you, or I shall scream! I can't stand it! I can't stand it!"

For a minute, nobody breathes. We was stunned. Idaho's mouth drops open like he has the dumb-ager, his jaw flabby. Longhorn gives a terrible oath and starts toward Mister Percy, his huge hands clinched. I yanks him back by the slack of his trousers. It would never do to give the thing away now; we must carry it thru for Rose's sake.

That poor little gal's face is gray and all the light has been struck from her eyes. She takes a staggerin' step forward, then stops, swayin', and lifts her waverin' little hands to her throat.

"My God!" she whispers. "Oh, my God!"

At the sound of her voice Mister Percy turns toward her. "You don't understand, Rose!" he whines. "I've never [illegible] this! I've always been [illegible] She was a coward—to my mother!"

"Why can't you understand? Oh, turn those guns away!"

Rose gives one pitiful little moan, that goes clean thru my heart, and sinks down beside the fire. The sight makes me savage and I speaks up, cruel, tho I know it is some like kickin' a man who is down.

"I reckon we needn't dirty our guns on this coyote, boys." I says, and drops pin' my revolver into my pocket. Idaho and Longhorn follers suit. Percy he watches till the pistols is out of sight, then he gets to his feet, shakin' like he had the palsy, and goes to walkin' about.

"Set down!" orders Longhorn, fierce, his old heart bleedin' for his gal.

"Let him walk." I breaks in, gentle. "The varmint ain't dumb chilly in Yuma and I expect the gent is sufferin' considerable from cold feet. The exercise will help his circulation."

Percy goes staggerin' round in a wide circle, groanin, pitiful, to himself and gettin' his breath like a woman with the hysterics. Two or three times he mighty nigh steps on that empty gun he had throwed away. After a minute he stoops to tie his shoe, then he goes on again, wobbly as a new calf.

Well, we set there, us three, silent, waitin'. We're waitin' for Percy to tell Rose, who has dealt. Seems, tho, like she can't open the pot. Looks like she is goin' to throw up her hand.

Percy staggers round in front of us again, and all of a sudden he stops.

"Hands up!" he says, in a voice that lifts me straight onto my feet. Idaho and Longhorn jumps like they are shot. Even Rose scrambles up and lifts her hands, above her head.

"Didn't get my other gun, did you?" says Percy in a thick voice. "You should have searched me. Now throw down those revolvers—quick! I'm just aching for an excuse to make the whole d—d lot of you over into sieves!"

I jerks out my gun and throws it at his feet. I had seen men mad with rage before and the tone of his voice sent the cold chills on my back. Also, my eyes was good he hadn't told no lie—he was wild to do murder! Rememberin' how we had badgered him, I begun to get real indisposed.

Funny, tho, how a man's mind will act sort of independent of the will. Right then, when I knowed it was a toss up in a man's brain—a man crazed with rage—whether I would ever live to see another sunset, my mind was takin' in every little part of the scene about me. The stars was all crowded down close, watchin' us, curious; the hawses was tethered in a dim group to one side of the camp. The blaze from the fire was flickerin' across Rose's golden hair and white face; revealin' Longhorn's grim face, dancin' into Idaho's popped eyes and wide-open mouth, and waverin' away, frightened, from Percy's sinister countenance and menacin' gun.

For a moment we-all stands that way, motionless. Then Longhorn breaks the spell by throwin' his pistol on the ground in front of Percy, and Idaho follers suit.

When we-all had piled our hardware at his feet, Percy stoops like a flash, drops his gun and grabs up Idaho's and mine. I seen, then, how he had worked us. He had picked up that empty revolver when he had lied his shot!

Rose, bein' a woman, gets her wits back first. She gives a little rush and

"Now Throw Down Those Revolvers—Quick."

throws herself in front of us, her arms outstretched.

"Don't shoot!" she cries. "Would you kill unarmed men, you coward?"

Percy gives a start at her words. Then he takes a step forward and Rose shrinks back from his blazin' eyes.

"Coward, am I?" he says, his voice husky with rage. "A few minutes ago you called me a coward because, unarmed, I did not overcome three armed men! Now I am a coward because I am armed against three! . . . But, of course, a lady could not be wrong!" he goes on with a savage smile. "So we'll try another play!"

He throws them two guns right and left into the sand and, barefisted, comes at us like a whirlwind! I just had time to step in front of Longhorn, hopin' to protect the old man, when somethin' hits me on the side of the head and I proceeds to go to sleep, peaceful as a babe.

I don't know how long it is until I wakes up enough to hear Rose's voice, wild with fright, pleadin' with her lover.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she cries, over and over again. "They are friends—can't you understand? Friends! They are not desperados; they are father and Jake and Idaho Smith! Oh, please listen to me—listen to me, dear! It is all my fault—I loved you and wanted to be sure you were a man—a real man, not just a big, happy boy, playing your way thru life! Listen to me, Percy! Listen to Rose!"

I opens one eye—the other ain't workin' smooth. I moves, cautious. I ain't wantin' to attract no attention. Idaho is just gettin' to his knees. Rose is standin' between her father and her lover. She got there in time, I reckon, for Longhorn ain't been touched at all. Percy is blinkin' down at her, uncertain like, still growlin' like a mad bear and clinchin' and unclinchin' his big fists.

Rose goes up close to him and slips her hands up to his huge shoulders. At her touch all the fight leaves him. You can see it oozin' out the ends of his fingers. He stands there all limp and tremblin'.

"But I don't understand!" he mumbles. "Friends—these men! What does it mean? . . . and why did you say those bitter things to me, Rose?"

For a minute Rose stands silent, hangin' her head. She can't think up any excuse for herself. But you know a woman never stays in that fix long. She's smart enough to know that explanations ain't to be compared with certain other things. Rose moves over close to Percy and looks up, pleadin'-like, into his eyes.

"Why did you do it, Rose?" he asks again, this time in a hurt and quiverin' tone.

Rose drops her long lashes on her blushin' cheeks. The dimples flash out, tender and temptin', at the corners of her little red mouth.

"Don't ask foolish questions, Percy dear," she coos. "Let's talk of something else. Suppose . . . suppose you ask me again that question you have already asked me seventeen times before!"

Mister Percy just turns away as unconcerned as if he was used to havin' a gal propose to him every day, and he lights onto me in a voice that is comfortin' to the feelin's as fallin' unexpected into a clump of spiny cactus!

"Did you ever play Shakespearian roles, Mr. Cannon?" he asks, smilin' sarcastic.

"Nope," says I, nettled. "What are they?"

He lifts his eyebrows, supercilious, till I could feel the hot blood creepin' into my face. "Tut, tut, now!" he answers. "You surprise me. You have displayed the same fine indifference to the dramatic unities for which our friend William of Avon was so notorious. A mistake, I assure you. That was one of the points upon which I was most insistent when I was elected president of our Collegiate Dramatic Club. I even went so far as to add a fourth to the divine trinity, Mr. Cannon. 'Preserve the unities of Time, Place and Action, my friends,' I cautioned. 'And keep a close watch on a fourth—color!' Next time you attempt the dramatic art it will be well for you to think of this, Mr. Cannon!"

I looks at his cool, smilin' face and I gets mad clean up under my collar. "What has all this hot air got to do with things?" I demands, advancin' a step.

All of a sudden his smile changes. "Why, it's this way, Jake," he answers, genial. "When you told me this morning that you had found a spot of rust on the barrel of your revolver I was surprised, for I know your reputation with your guns. They say you keep them like a good housewife keeps her silver. I was too busy just then to give the matter a second thought, but I stuck it tucked away in a brain cell, and when, after lunch, while Miss Rose repacked the basket, I took occasion to examine that revolver, and found it was not loaded; the combination of happenings awakened what you might call a special train of thought—for, if you remember, you had been careful to show me that the gun was loaded when I put it into my pocket the first time. Now, I am not a suspicious person, and even these things might have merely awakened my curiosity had it not been for that fatal error of yours; Jake, concerning unity of color. I have lived in this vale of tears for over twenty-five years, and I have been afoot in many climes, but never have I seen a beard like yours, Jake, my friend! For sheer, unadulterated Simpkins, Old Masters' red, I would stake my soul it has no equal in the whole world. Titian would have wept with joy at sight of it. When I first beheld you——"

"Looky here, young man," I breaks in, and my voice is chokin' with rage, "I set down to brand Jacks and not to my beard alone. Otherwise——"

He smiles, pleasant, and makes a pacifyin' gesture with his hand. "Just a minute, please, my impetuous friend! You warned me, gravely, against a desperado called Black Bill Hessler, thereby strained the credence of even as simple and trusting a soul as I. Now when, in the morning, I see this wonderful hirsute adornment upon the face of Jake Cannon, trusted factotum of the Low Palmos ranch, and the same afternoon view it embellishing the features of the dreaded Black Bill Hessler . . . Now, Rose, my girl, it is time that you and I should arrive at an understanding concerning our future. You are a little cheat; but I wanted to be square with you, and as the game of love is always unfair to a woman I let you stack the cards to suit yourself. All that is over. Come here, into my arms, dear, and listen carefully to what I have to say. You are my adored sweetheart, whom I shall love all my life; but I am your lord and master—do you understand? Come to me, then!"

And for the first time in her life Rose did just what she was told.

Corrected.

ONE summer's day an old farmer boarded a train at a little country station and flopped down in a smoking-car seat. It was evident that he was munchin' candy, for his jaws seemed to be under the influence of perpetual motion.

Down the center of the car aisle ambled the news agent, bearing a basket filled with miscellaneous stuff upon one arm. Halting at one seat, he would say inquiringly:

"Salted peanuts?"

Then:

"Marshmallows?"

Then:

"Lemon drops?"

And so on.

Approaching the old farmer, and noticing that the latter was chewing, the first thing that suggested itself to the trainboy was gum, so he drew near the old man and, looking him straight in the eye, said:

"Chewing gum?"

Startled at the intent of the interrogation, the old man snapped back:

"Naw I ain't! I'm chawin' tobacky."

Logical Reason.

A PLUMBER and a painter were working in the same house. The painter arrived late, and the plumber said to him:

"You're late this morning."

"Yes," said the painter, "I had to stop to have my hair cut."

"You didn't do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.

"Sure, I did," said the painter; "it grew on his time."

Second Installment of the Splendid Serial

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER V.
M. LE CURE.

THE very obvious decision at which I arrived after a night of cogitation in my berth was that Jacqueline was to pass as my sister. I explained my plan to her at breakfast.

There had been the examination of baggage at the frontier, and the tiresome change to a rear car in the early morning, and most of us were heavy-eyed, but she looked as fresh and charming as ever in her new waist of black lace and the serge skirt which she had bought the day before. It seemed impossible to realize that I was really seated opposite her in the dining car, talking and the punctuating chatter of a party of red-cheeked French-Canadian school children who had come on the train at Sherbrooke, bound for their homes on the occasion of the approaching Christmas holidays.

"You see, Jacqueline," I explained, "it will look strange our traveling together, unless some close relationship is supposed to exist between us. It is a subject you to embarrassment—so I shall call you my sister, Miss Hewlett, and you will call me your brother Paul." And I handed her my visiting card, because she had never heard my surname before.

"I am glad you like the name of my brother Paul," she answered, looking at the card. She held it in her right hand, and it was not until the conclusion of the meal that the left hand came into view.

Then I discovered that she had taken off her wedding ring.

I wondered what thoughts impelled her to do this, whether it was coquetry, or the same instinct which seemed to interfere at the strangest times and places, to make her revel in her consciousness.

We sped northward all that morning, stopping at many little wayside stations, and as we rushed along beside the Richelieu and St. Francis rivers I saw grew colder, and the land, deep in snow, and the tall pines, white with frost, looked like a picture on a Christmas card.

At last the St. Lawrence appeared, covered with drifting floes, the Isle of Orleans, with the Falls of Montmorency and its ice-encircled, and the fortified citadel, the long parapet, bristling with guns.

Then, after the ferry had transferred us from Levis, we stood in Lower Quebec.

We had hardly gone on board the ferry-boat when an incident occurred that greatly disturbed me. A slightly built, well-dressed man, with a small, upturned mustache and a face of notable pallor, passed and repassed us several times, staring and smiling with cool effrontery at both of us.

He wore a lambskin cap and a fur overcoat, and I could not help associating him with the dead man, or avoiding the belief that he had traveled north with us, and that Leroux had been to see him off at the station.

I was a good deal troubled by this, but before I had decided to address the fellow we landed, and a sleigh swept us up the hill toward the city, chanted in the tone of jingling bells. It was a strange wintry scene—the low sleighs, their drivers wrapped in furs and buffalo robes, in bearskin, the hooded nuns in the streets, the priests, soldiers, and ancient houses. The air was keen and dry.

"This is Quebec, Jacqueline," I said.

I thought that she remembered unwillingly, but she said nothing.

I dared ask her no questions. I fancied that each scene brought back its own memories, but not the ideas associated with the chain of scenes.

We secured adjacent rooms at the chateau, and leaving Jacqueline to unpack her things, and under instructions not to leave her room, I started out at once to find Maclay & Rubitaille's, promising to return as soon as possible.

This proved a task of no great difficulty. It was a little shop, situated on St. Joseph street, where leather goods were sold. A young man with a dark, clean-shaven face, was behind the counter. He came forward courteously as I approached.

"I have come on an unusual mission," I began foolishly and stopped, conscious of the inanity of this address. What a stupid thing to have said! I must have aroused his suspicion immediately.

He begged my pardon and called a man from another part of the shop. And this gave me my chance over again, for I realized that he had not understood my English.

"Do you remember," I asked the newcomer, "selling a collar to a young lady recently—no, some time ago—a dog collar, I mean."

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. "I sell a good many dog collars during the year," he answered.

I took the plate from my pocket and set it down on the counter. "The collar was set with silver studs," I said. "This was the plate." Then I remembered a name Leroux had used and flung it out at random. "I think it was for a Mlle. Duchaine," I added.

The shot went home.

"Ah, monsieur, now I remember perfectly," answered the proprietor, "both from the unusual nature of the collar, and from the fact that there was some difficulty in delivering it. There was no postoffice nearer the seignlory than St. Boniface, where it lay unclaimed for a long time. I think mademoiselle had forgotten all about the order. Or perhaps the dog had died!"

"Where is this seignlory?"

"The seignlory of Mr. Charles Duchaine?" he answered, looking curiously at me. "You are evidently a stranger, monsieur, or you would have heard of it, especially now when people are saying that——" He checked himself at this point. "It is the oldest of the seignlories," he continued. "In fact, it has never passed out of the hands of the descendants of the original owners, because it is almost uninhabitable in winter, except by Indians. I understand that M. Duchaine has built himself a fine chateau there; but then he is a recluse, monsieur, and probably not ten men have ever visited him. But mademoiselle is too fine a woman for the imprisoned there long."

"How would you reach the chateau?" I interpolated.

He looked at me inquiringly, as the he wondered what my business there could be.

"In summer," he replied, "one might ascend the Riviere d'Or in a canoe for half the distance, until one reached the mountains, and then——" He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. Possibly one would inquire of the first trapper who passed in autumn. In winter, one would fly. It is strange that so little is known of the seignlory, for they say the Riviere d'Or——"

"The Golden River?"

"Has vast wealth in it, and formerly the Indians would bring gold dust in quills to the traders. But many have sought the source of this supply in past times and failed or died, and so——" He shrugged his shoulders again.

"You see, M. Duchaine is a hermit," he continued. "Once, so my father used to say, he was one of the gayest young men in Quebec. But he became involved in the troubles of 1867—and then his wife died, and so he withdrew there with the little mademoiselle—what was her name?"

He called his clerk.

"Alphonse, what is the name of that pretty daughter of Mr. Charles Duchaine, of Riviere d'Or?" he asked.

"Annette," answered the man. "No, Nanette. No, Janette. I am sure it ends with 'ette' or 'ine,' anyway."

"Eh bein, it makes no difference," said the proprietor, "because, since she left the Convent of the Ursulines here in Quebec, where she was educated, her father keeps her at the chateau, and you are not likely to set eyes on M. Charles Duchaine's daughter."

A sudden surprise in his flow of words, an almost guilty look upon his face, as a new figure entered the little shop, directed my attention toward the stranger.

He was an old man of medium size, very muscularly built, stout, and with enormous shoulders. He wore a priest's soutane, but he did not look like a priest—he looked like a man's head on a bull's body. His smooth face was tanned to the color of old mahogany—his bright blue eyes, almost concealed by their drooping, wrinkled lids, were piercing in their scrutiny.

He wore a beaverskin hat, and furs of surprising quality. It was not so much these strange things that attracted my interest as the singular look of authority upon the face, which was deeply lined about the mouth, as if he had smiled upon occasions, and become the jolliest of companions.

And he spoke a pure French, interspersed with words of an uncouth patois, which I ascribed to long residence in some remote variety.

"Bo'jour, Pere Antoine," said the shopkeeper deferentially, fixing his eyes rather timidly upon the old priest's face.

"Eh bien, who is this with whom you gossipest concerning the daughter of M. Duchaine?" inquired Father Antoine, looking at me keenly.

"Only a customer—a stranger, monsieur," answered the proprietor, rubbing his hands together. He whispered to the priest. Pere Antoine roughly. "Now, monsieur," he said, addressing me in fair English, "what is the nature of your business that it can possibly concern either M. Duchaine, or his daughter? Perhaps I can inform you, since he is one of my parishioners."

"My conversation was not with you, monsieur le cure," I answered shortly, and left the shop. I had ascertained what I needed to know, and had no desire to enter into a discussion of my business with the old man.

I had not gone three paces from the door, however, when the priest, coming up behind me, placed a huge hand upon my shoulder and swung me round without the least apparent effort.

"I do not know what your business is, monsieur," he said, "but if it were an honest one you would state it to me. If you wish to see M. Duchaine I am best qualified to assist you to do so, since I visit his chateau twice each year to carry the consolations of religion to him and his people. But if your business is not honest, it will fail. End it then, and return to your own country."

"I do not intend to discuss by business with you, monsieur," I answered angrily. "It is humiliating to be in the physical grip of another man, even though he be a priest."

He let me go and stood eying me with his keen gaze. I jumped on a passing car, but, looking back, I saw him striding along behind it. He seemed to walk as quickly as the car went in the crowded street, and with no effort.

When I got off in the neighborhood of the Place d'Armes it was nearly dark, but the I could not see the old man. I was convinced that he was still following me.

I found Jacqueline in her room, looking over her purchases, and took her down to dinner.

And here I had another disconcerting experience, for hardly were we seated when the inquisitive stranger whom I had seen at the ferry came into the dining-room, and after a careful survey which ended as his eyes fell on us, he took his seat at an adjacent table.

I could not but connect him with our presence there. Leroux was due to arrive at any moment, I realized that great issues were at stake, that the man would never cease in his attempts to get hold of Jacqueline. Only when I had returned her to her father's house would I feel safe from him.

The chateau was the worst place to have made my headquarters. If I had realized the man's persistence, perhaps I would have sought less conspicuous lodg-

The Inquisitive Stranger, After a Careful Survey, Took His Seat at an Adjacent Table.

ings. Leroux's behavior at the railroad station had betrayed both an ungovernable temper when he was crossed, and, to a certain extent, fearlessness.

Nevertheless I believed him to have also an elemental cunning which would dissuade him from violent measures as long as we were in Quebec. I resolved, therefore, not to avoid him, but to await his lead.

After dinner I had some conversation with one of the hotel clerks. I discovered that the Riviere du Loup flowed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the north, in the neighborhood of Anticosti.

It was a small stream, and except for a postal station at its mouth named St. Boniface, was little known, the only occupants of those parts being trappers and Indians.

When I told the clerk that I had business at St. Boniface, I think he concluded that I represented an amalgamation of fishing interests, for he became exceedingly communicative.

"You could hire dogs and a sleigh at St. Boniface for wherever your final destination is," he said, "because the dog mail has been suspended owing to the new government mailboats, and the sleighs are idle. I think Captain Dubois would take you on his boat as far as that point, and I believe he makes his next trip in a couple of days."

He gave me the captain's address, and I resolved to call on him early the following day and make arrangements.

I was just turning away when I saw the inquisitive stranger leave the smoking-room. He crossed the hall and went out, not without bestowing a long look on me.

"Who is that man?" I asked.

"Why, he's a friend of yours?" inquired the clerk.

"Only by the way he stares at me," I said.

"Well, he said he thought he knew you, and asked me your name," the clerk added. "He didn't give me his, and I don't think he has been in here before."

I took Jacqueline for a stroll on the Terrace, and while we walked I pondered over the problem.

The night was too beautiful for my depression of mind to last. The stars blazed radiantly overhead; upon our left the faint outlines of the Laurentians rose, in front of us the lights of Ha Ha twinkled above the frozen gulf. There was a flicker of Northern Lights in the sky.

We paced the terrace, arm in arm, from the statue of Champlain that overlooks the river to the place of [illegible] drove us in.

Jacqueline was very quiet, and I wondered what she remembered. I dreaded always awakening her memory lest, with that of her home, came that other of the dead man.

Our rooms were on the side of the chateau facing the river, and as we passed beneath the arch I saw two men standing no great distance away, watching us; it seemed to me.

One wore the cassock of a priest, and I could have sworn that he was Pere Antoine, the other resembled the inquisitive stranger. As we drew near they moved behind a pillar. Thus, inexorably, the chase drew near.

My suspicions received confirmation a few minutes later, for we had hardly reached our rooms, and I was in fact, standing at the door of Jacquine's, bidding her good night, when a bellboy came along the passage and announced that the gentleman whom I was expecting was coming up the stairs.

I said good-night to Jacqueline, and went to my own room, satisfied. I had thought it would be the stranger, but it was the priest.

I invited him to enter, and he came in and stood with his fur cap on his head, looking direfully at me.

"Well, and is the purpose of this visit?" I asked.

"To tell you," he thundered, "that you must give that unhappy woman who has accompanied you here."

"That is precisely what I intend to do," I answered.

"To me," he said. "Her husband——"

I felt my brain whirling. I knew now that I had always cherished a hope, despite the evidence, that Paul had been!

"I married them," continued Pere Antoine.

"Where is he?" I demanded desperately.

He appeared disconcerted. I gathered from his stare that he had supposed I knew.

"This is a Catholic country," he went on, more quietly. "There is no divorce; there can be none. Marriage is a sacrament. Sinning as she is——"

I placed my hand on his shoulder. "I will not hear any more," I said. "Go!" I pointed toward the door.

"I am going to take her away with me," he said, and crossing the threshold into the corridor, placed one hand on the door of Jacqueline's room.

I got there first. I thrust him violently aside—it was like pushing a monument; turned the key, which happily was still outside, and put it in my pocket.

"I am ready to deal with her husband," I said. "I am not ready to deal with you. Leave at once, or I will have you arrested, priest or no priest."

He raised his arm threateningly. "In God's name——" he began.

"In God's name you shall not interfere with me," I cried. "Tell that to your confederate, Simon Leroux. A pretty priest you are!" I raged. "How do I know she has a husband? How do I know you are not in league with her persecutors? How do I know you are a priest at all?"

He seemed amazed at the violence of my manner.

"This is the first time my priesthood has been denied," he said quietly. "Well, I have offered you your chance. I cannot use violence, if you refuse, you will bring your own punishment upon your head, and on that of the unhappy woman whom you have led into sin."

"Go!" I shouted, pointing down the passage.

He turned and went, his soutane sweeping against the door of Jacqueline's room as he went by. At the entrance to the elevator he turned again, and looked back steadily at me. Then the door clanged, and the elevator went down.

I unlocked the door of Jacqueline's room. I saw her standing at the foot of the bed. She was supporting herself by her hands on the brass framework. Her face was white. As I entered, she looked up piteously at me.

"Who—was—that?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"An impudent fellow—that is all, Jacqueline."

"I thought I knew his voice," she answered slowly. "It made me—almost—remember. And I do not want to remember, Paul."

She put her arms about my neck and cried. I tried to comfort her, but it was a long time before I succeeded.

I locked her door on the outside, and that night I slept with the key beneath my pillow.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF.

THE next morning, after again cautioning Jacqueline not to leave her room until I returned, I went to the house of

I Held Her Small Gloved Hand Inside the Big Sable Muff, While the Dogs Picked Their Way Along the Trail.

Captain Dubois on Paul street, in the Lower Town.

I was admitted by a pleasant-looking woman who told me that the captain would not be home until three in the afternoon, so I returned to the chateau, took Jacqueline for a sleigh ride around the fortifications, and delighted her, and myself, also, by the purchase of two fur coats, heavy enough to exclude the biting cold which I anticipated we should experience during our journey.

In the afternoon I went back to Paul street and found M. Dubois at home. He was a man of agreeable appearance, a typical Frenchman of about 45, with a full face, sparsely covered with a black beard that was beginning to turn gray at the sides, and with an air of sagacious understanding, in which I detected both sympathy and a lurking humor.

When I explained that I wanted to secure two passages to St. Boniface, his brows contracted.

"Dieu! So you, too, are going to the Chateau Duchaine?" he exclaimed. "Is there not room for two more on the boat of Captain Duhamel?"

I disclaimed all knowledge of Duhamel, but he looked entirely unconvinced.

"It is a pity, monsieur, that you are not acquainted with Captain Duhamel," he said dryly, "because I cannot take you to St. Boniface. But undoubtedly Captain Duhamel will assist you and your friend on your way to the Chateau Duchaine."

"Why do you suppose that I am going to the Chateau Duchaine?" I inquired angrily.

He flared up, too. "Diable!" he burst out. "Do you suppose all Quebec does not know what is in the wind? But since you are so ignorant, monsieur, I will enlighten you. We will assume, to begin then, that you are not going to the chateau, but only to St. Boniface, perhaps to engage in fishing for your support. Eh, monsieur?"

Here he looked meekingly at my fur coat, which hardly bore out this presumption of my indigence.

"Eh, bien, to continue. Let us suppose that the affairs of Mr. Charles Duchaine have interested a gentleman of business and politics whom we will call M. Leroux—just for the sake of giving him a name, you understand," he resumed, looking at me maliciously. "And that this M. Leroux imagines that there is more than spruce timber to be found on the seigniory. Bien, but consider further that this M. Leroux is a trader, as we call our politicians here. It would not suit him to appear openly in such an enterprise? Eh? He would work thru his agents in everything, would he not, being a mole?

"Let us say, then, that he arranges with a Captain Duhamel to convey his party to St. Boniface, to which point he will go secretly by another route, and that he will join them there—and—in short, monsieur, take yourself and your friend to the devil, for I won't give you passage."

His face was purple, and I assumed that he bore no love for Simon, whose named seemed to be of considerable importance in Quebec. I was delighted at the turn affairs were taking.

"You have not a very kindly feeling for this mythical person whom we have agreed to call Leroux," I said.

Captain Dubois jumped out of his chair and raised his arms passionately above him.

"No, nor for any of his friends," he answered. "Go back to him—for I know he sent you to me—and tell him he cannot hire Alfred Dubois for all the money in Canada."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I answered, "because Leroux is no friend of mine. Now listen to me, Captain Dubois. It is true that I am going to the chateau, if I can get there, but I did not know that Leroux had made his arrangements already. In brief, he is in pursuit of me and I have urgent reasons for avoiding him. My companion is a lady——"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, looking stupidly at me.

"And I am anxious to take her to the chateau, where we shall be safe from the man——"

"A lady!" exclaimed the captain. "A young one? Diable! Why didn't you tell me so at first, monsieur? I'll take you. I will do anything for an enemy of Leroux. He put my brother in jail on a false charge because he wouldn't bow to him—my brother died there, monsieur—that was his wife who opened the door to you. And the children, who might have starved, if I had not been able to take care of them! And he has tried to rob me of my position, only it is a Dominion one—the rascal!"

The captain was becoming incoherent. He [illegible] his arms [illegible] gaiety a moment later. "I do not know your business, monsieur, but I can guess, perhaps——"

"But you must not misunderstand me," I interposed. "She is not——"

"Diable! It's all right!" said the captain, slapping me upon the back. "No explanations! Not a word, I assure you. I am the most discreet of men. Madeleine!"

This last word was a deep-chested bellow, and in response a little girl came running in, staggering under the weight of the captain's overcoat and raccoon fur.

"That is my overcoat voice," he explained, striking the child's head. "My niece, monsieur. The others are boys. I wish they were all girls, but God knows best. Allons, you are a man can save much trouble, for by the tone in which I call, Madeleine knows whether to get my overcoat, or slippers, or whether I want, or whether I am growing hungry."

I thought that the captain's hunger voice must shake the rafters of the old building.

"Now, now, monsieur," he continued seriously, when we had left the house, "I am going to take you down to the river and look at my boat. And I will tell you as much as I know concerning the plans of that scoundrel. In brief, it is true that Leroux and a party of friends has been quartered for some time at the chateau; they come and go, in fact, and not to me, taking more, or at the same ones back again, and God knows why he takes them to so desolate a region, unless it be that he has discovered coal fields upon the seigniory and holds M. Duchaine in his power. Well, monsieur, my party sails with Captain Duhamel on tonight's tide, which will carry me down the gulf also."

"You see, monsieur," he continued, "it is impossible to clear the ice when the tide bears us down; but once the Isle of Orleans is past we shall be in more open water and can take the current. Captain Duhamel's boat is berthed at the same pier as mine upon the opposite side. Sir Hector Langevin is the Saint-Laurent Company, which leases them in winter.

"We start together, then, but I shall expect to gain several hours during the four days' journey, for I know the Claire well, and she cannot keep pace with my Sainte-Vierge. In fact it was only yesterday that the government arranged for me to take over the Sainte-Vierge in place of the Claire, which I have commanded all the winter, for it is essential that the mails reach St. Boniface and the

maritime villages as quickly as possible. So you must bring your lady aboard the Sainte-Vierge by nine tonight."

"I shall telegraph to my friend Danton at St. Boniface to have a dog-sled and dogs at your disposal when you arrive, and a tent, food and sleeping bags," continued Captain Dubois, "for it must be a hundred and fifty miles from St. Boniface to the Chateau Ducnaine. It is not a journey that a woman should take in winter." He cast a sympathetic glance at me, "but doubtless your lady knows the way and the journey well."

The question seemed extraordinarily ingacious; it threw me into confusion.

"You see, M. Danton carried the mails by dog-sled before the steamship winter mail service was inaugurated," he went on, "and now he will be glad of an opportunity to rent his animals. So I shall wire him tonight to hold them for you alone, and shall describe you to him. And time we will check M. Leroux's designs, which have doubtless included this point. And so, with half a day's start, you will have nothing to fear from him—only remember that he has no scruples. Still, I do not think he will catch you and Mlle. Jacqueline before you reach Chateau Duchaine," he ended, chuckling at his sagacity.

"And, well, monsieur, who else could your lady be?" he asked, smiling at my surprise. "I knew well that some day she must leave Leroux. Besides, she did not I convey her from St. Boniface on my return, less than a week ago, when she pleaded that she secretly suspected something agitated her there. So it was to find a husband that she departed thus? And when I come again, kneeling at her old father's feet, pleading for forgiveness, he will forgive—have no fear, mon ami."

So Jacqueline had left her home not more than a week before! And the captain had no suspicion that she was married then! Yet Pierre Antoine claimed to have performed the ceremony.

To whom was the man who should have stood in my place, and shielded her against Leroux?

I made Dubois understand, not without difficulty, that we were still unmarried. His face fell when he realized that I was in earnest, but after a little he made the best of the situation, tho it was evident that some of the glamour was scratched from the romance, in his opinion.

By now we had arrived at the wharf. It was a short pier at the foot of one of the numerous narrow streets that run down from the base of the mighty cliff which ascends to the ramparts and Park Frontenac. On either side, wedged in among the floes, lay a small ship of not many tons' burden—the Claire and the Sainte-Vierge, and as we approached the side of the latter—

"Hallo! Hallo, Pierre!" shouted Dubois in what must have resembled his dinner voice, and a seaman with a short black beard came running up the deck and stopped at the gangway.

"It is all right, Pierre," said Dubois, after a few moments' conversation. "Pierre understands all that is necessary, and he will tell the men. And now I will show you the ship."

There was a small cabin for Jacqueline and another for myself and Dubois. This accommodation had been built for the convenience of the passengers, whom the Saint-Laurent Company, to which boats were built for freight, occasionally accepted during its summer runs. I was very well satisfied and inquired the terms.

"Diable! If it were not for the children there should be no terms at all!" exclaimed the captain. "But it is hard, monsieur, with prices rising and the hungry mouths always open, like little birds."

He was overjoyed at the sight of the fifty dollars which I offered him. However, my generosity was not wholly disingenuous. I felt that it would be wise to make one friend, at least, in this unfriendly city, and money does bind, tho friendship exist already.

"By the way," I said, "do you know a priest named Pere Antoine?"

"An old man? A strong old man? Why, assuredly, monsieur," answered the captain. "Everybody knows him. He has the parish of the Riviere d'Or district, and the forest in Quebec. As far as Labrador it is said he is feared, and he covers it twice each year, in his canoe or upon snow-shoes. A saint, monsieur, as not all of our priests are, alas. You will do well to make his acquaintance."

He placed one brawny hand upon my shoulder and ventured archly:

"Sacre! Now at last I understand!" he bellowed. "So it is Pere Antoine who is to make you sure to be husband and wife! And you thought to conceal it from me, monsieur!" he continued reproachfully.

His good humor being completely restored by this prospective consummation of the romance, the captain parted from me on the wharf on his way to the telegraph office, repeating his instructions to the effect that we were to be aboard the boat by nine, as he would not be able to remain later than that hour on account of the tide.

It had grown dark long before, and, looking at my watch, I was surprised to see that it was already past six o'clock. I had no time to lose in returning to the chateau.

But the I could see it outlined upon the cliff, I soon found myself lost among the maze of narrow streets in which I was wandering. I asked the direction of one or two wayfarers, but these were all men of the laboring class, and their instructions, given in the provincial patois, were quite untintelligible to me.

A man was coming up the street behind me, and I turned to question him, but as I decreased my pace, he diminished his size, and when I quickened mine, he went faster as well. I began to have an uneasy sense that he might be following me, and accordingly hastened on until I came to a fork in the road which seemed to lead up the hill toward the ramparts.

The chateau now stood some distance upon my left, but once I had reached the summit of the cliff it would only be a short walk away.

The road, however, led me into a blind alley, the farther extremity being the side of the cliff, but another street emerged from it at a right angle, and I plunged into this, believing that any of the by-ways would eventually take me to the top of the acclivity.

As I entered this street I heard the footsteps behind me quicken and, looking around, perceived that the man was close upon me. He stopped at the moment I did, and disappeared in a small court.

There was nothing remarkable in this, only to my strained eyes he seemed to bear a close resemblance to the man with the patch whom I had encountered at the corner of Sixth Avenue on that night when I met Jacqueline.

I knew from Leroux's statement to me that the man had been a member of his gang. I was quite able to take care of myself under normal circumstances.

But now—I was afraid. The mighty cliff before me, the silence of the deserted alleys in which I wandered helplessly, the thought of Jacqueline alone, waiting anxiously my return, almost unmanned me. I felt like a hunted man, and my safety, upon which her own depended, attained an exaggerated importance in my mind.

So I almost ran forward into the by-way which seemed to lead toward the summit, and as I did so I heard the footsteps close behind me again.

I had entered one of the narrowest streets I had ever seen, but there was no curious. It was just wide enough to admit the passage of a sleigh perhaps; the crumbling and dilapidated old houses, which seemed deserted, were connected overhead by a succession of wooden bridges. And there on my left were hills into the solid rock, which rose sheer overhead.

In front of me, the alley seemed to widen. I almost ran; but when I reached it, I found that it was merely a bend in the passage, and the alley ran on straight as before.

On my left hand was a tiny unfenced courtyard, not more than six square yards in area, and I entered it very quickly, and waited. I was confident that the bend in the street had hidden me from my pursuer, and as I anticipated, he came on at a swifter rate.

He was abreast of me when I put out my hand and grasped him by the coat, while with the other I felt in my pocket for my automatic pistol.

It was not there. I had left it in the pocket of the fur overcoat which I had exchanged at the furrier's shop and had sent to the chateau. And I was looking into the vindictive face of the ruffian who had knocked me down on Sixth avenue!

"What are you following me for?" I cried furiously.

He wrenched himself out of my grasp and pulled a long knife from his pocket. I caught him by the wrist, and we wrestled to and fro upon the snow. He pummeled me about the face with his free hand, but tho I was no match for him in strength, he could not get the knife from me. The keen steel slashed my fingers, but the thought of Jacqueline helped me.

I got his hand open, snatched the knife, and flung it far away among the stunted shrubs that clung to the cliffside. And we stood watching each other, panting.

He did not try to attack me again, but stood just out of my reach, grinning diabolically at me. His gaze shifted over my shoulder. Instinctively I swung around, as the dry snow crackled behind me.

I was a second too late, for I saw nothing but the looming figure of a second ruffian and his upraised arm; then painless darkness seemed to enfold me, and I was conscious of plunging down into a fathomless abyss.

CHAPTER VII.
CAPTAIN DUBOIS.

CLANG! Clang!

It sounded as the some titanic blacksmith were pounding on a mighty anvil to a devilish chorus of laughter. And I was bound to the steel, and each blow awakened hideous echoes which went resounding thru my brain forever.

The blows were rhythmical, and there was a perceptible interval between each one and the next; they were drawn out and intolerably slow, and seemed to have lasted for an interminable time.

I strove to free myself. I knew that it was a dream from which I must awaken, for the fate of the whole world depended on my awakening from the bonds of sleep.

But I was so easy to sink down into a deeper slumber, where even the clanging of the anvil beneath those hammer strokes would no longer be heard; but

MY SERVICE STAR

Upon my breast I wear a service star,
And I am proud to see it shining there.
Yes, I am glad he cares enough for me
To help defend the cause of liberty.

Yes, I am proud to flaunt this service star,
And proud to know that he fights "over there,"
Amid the smoke, the fire and din,
My brother fights, and I am proud of him.

I wear this service star upon my breast,
Confident that he will do his best
My honor to keep true to me,
And with his life defend democracy.

against this was the imperative need to save—not the world now, but——

The name was as sweet as honey upon my lips. It was something worth living for. It was—Jacqueline!

The remembrance freed me. Dimly consciousness began to return. I knew the hammering was my own heart; forcing the blood heavily thru the arteries of the brain.

That name—Annette—Jeannette— Jacqueline!

I had gone back to my rooms and saw a body upon the floor. Jacqueline had killed someone, and I must save her!

All thru the mist-wrapped borderland of life, I heard her voice crying to me, and knew of me dragging me back to consciousness. I struggled up out of the pit, and I saw light.

Dimly I realized that my eyes were wide open, and that I was staring at the moon over the housetops. With consciousness, came pain. My head throbbed almost unendurably, and I was stiff with cold. I raised myself weakly, and then became aware that somebody was bending over me.

It was a roughly dressed, rough-looking denizen of the low quarter into which I had strayed, and he were beneath my neck, raising my head, and he was looking into my face with an expression of great concern upon his own good-natured one.

"Diable! I thought you were dead!" could make out amid the stream of his words in French, and I, too, am anticipated, he came on at a swifter rate.

He was abreast of me when I put out my hand and grasped him by the coat, while with the other I felt in my pocket for my automatic pistol.

It was not there. I had left it in the pocket of the fur overcoat which I had exchanged at the furrier's shop and had sent to the chateau. And I was looking into the vindictive face of the ruffian who had knocked me down on Sixth avenue!

"What are you following me for?" I cried furiously.

He wrenched himself out of my grasp and pulled a long knife from his pocket. I caught him by the wrist, and we wrestled to and fro upon the snow. He pummeled me about the face with his free hand, but tho I was no match for him in strength, he could not get the knife from me. The keen steel slashed my fingers, but the thought of Jacqueline helped me.

I got his hand open, snatched the knife, and flung it far away among the stunted shrubs that clung to the cliffside. And we stood watching each other, panting.

He did not try to attack me again, but stood just out of my reach, grinning diabolically at me. His gaze shifted over my shoulder. Instinctively I swung around, as the dry snow crackled behind me.

I was a second too late, for I saw nothing but the looming figure of a second ruffian and his upraised arm; then painless darkness seemed to enfold me, and I was conscious of plunging down into a fathomless abyss.

CHAPTER VII.
CAPTAIN DUBOIS.

CLANG! Clang!

It sounded as the some titanic blacksmith were pounding on a mighty anvil to a devilish chorus of laughter. And I was bound to the steel, and each blow awakened hideous echoes which went resounding thru my brain forever.

The blows were rhythmical, and there was a perceptible interval between each one and the next; they were drawn out and intolerably slow, and seemed to have lasted for an interminable time.

I strove to free myself. I knew that it was a dream from which I must awaken, for the fate of the whole world depended on my awakening from the bonds of sleep.

But I was so easy to sink down into a deeper slumber, where even the clanging of the anvil beneath those hammer strokes would no longer be heard; but against this was the imperative need to save—not the world now, but——

The name was as sweet as honey upon my lips. It was something worth living for. It was—Jacqueline!

The remembrance freed me. Dimly consciousness began to return. I knew the hammering was my own heart; forcing the blood heavily thru the arteries of the brain.

That name—Annette—Jeannette— Jacqueline!

I had gone back to my rooms and saw a body upon the floor. Jacqueline had killed someone, and I must save her!

All thru the mist-wrapped borderland of life, I heard her voice crying to me, and knew of me dragging me back to consciousness. I struggled up out of the pit, and I saw light.

Dimly I realized that my eyes were wide open, and that I was staring at the moon over the housetops. With consciousness, came pain. My head throbbed almost unendurably, and I was stiff with cold. I raised myself weakly, and then became aware that somebody was bending over me.

It was a roughly dressed, rough-looking denizen of the low quarter into which I had strayed, and he were beneath my neck, raising my head, and he was looking into my face with an expression of great concern upon his own good-natured one.

"Diable! I thought you were dead!" could make out amid the stream of his words in French, and I, too, am anticipated, he came on at a swifter rate.

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But I was so easy to sink down into a deeper slumber, where even the clanging of the anvil beneath those hammer strokes would no longer be heard; but

MY SERVICE STAR

Upon my breast I wear a service star,
And I am proud to see it shining there.
Yes, I am glad he cares enough for me
To help defend the cause of liberty.

Yes, I am proud to flaunt this service star,
And proud to know that he fights "over there,"
Amid the smoke, the fire and din,
My brother fights, and I am proud of him.

I wear this service star upon my breast,
Confident that he will do his best
My honor to keep true to me,
And with his life defend democracy.

The Mystery Takes a New Angle in This Installment of

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 1313

By Charles Edmonds Walk

(Copyright by A. C. McClurg Co.)

This Tells the Story to Date

NUMBER 1313, the silent house of mystery, wherein nobody has ever been seen to enter, suddenly has a visitor. And not only one, but three, who arrive one hour apart. Van Vechten and his friend, Tom Phinney, watch the three men enter and wager that a fourth will join them within an hour. There is a fourth visitor, but it is a lovely woman, who looks vaguely familiar to Van Vechten. Shortly afterwards a young man emerges from the house. It is evident from his actions and appearance that he has been in a struggle. Van Vechten and his friend follow him towards the elevated structure, and as they turn the corner the young man falls dead; his mysterious assailant disappears completely. While Van Vechten stands in the crowd that gathers, he encounters a girl's horrified eyes, and is attracted by her beauty. Her escort scowls at him, and when Van Vechten is asked for details by the police, the couple disappear. Van Vechten goes home to his office and is startled to see the girl looking at him scornfully from one of the windows in No. 1313. A detective visits him. Van Vechten tells him the story of No. 1313, omitting the details about the veiled woman and the girl he saw in the crowd. Several days later Tom Phinney, out on a pleasure trip, is suddenly seized on his way from the village store to his catboat, blindfolded, and led into a house in the woods, where he is securely tied, and shut in. A girl with a wonderfully sweet voice, with which he falls in love, rescues him. She leads him blindfolded out of the house onto the open road, and there, after giving her his promise that he will not remove the bandage from his eyes until after counting a hundred, he finds himself free. In the meantime, Van Vechten becomes more and more puzzled about the disappearance of his cousin, Paige Carew, of whom nothing has been heard for a number of weeks.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger dated Oct. 26. Back copies containing previous chapters of the story may be obtained from this office or from our newsdealers and agents.

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CHAPTER X.

MR. FLINT ADVANCES A THEORY.

MR. FLINT'S voice dissipated Rudolph Van Vechten's bewilderment; but the young man remained completely nonplused over the seemingly inexplicable manner in which his Cousin Paige's purse had appeared. He met the detective's narrow regard with a long, questioning stare; then he abruptly dropped into a chair.

"Flint," he said, "you took my breath away. Sit down, man, sit down. Think I'll let you go until you have told me all about this?"

"Suppose," returned the quiet voice, "you first answer my question—do you know where your cousin is?"

"No"—bluntly, "I don't. Until today I imagined I had some idea of her whereabouts, but"—he weighed the shining purse in his hand, contemplating it reverently—"here in the second room I have been given within the last hour to feel a good deal of anxiety respecting her."

"Will you tell me the other reason?"

Briefly Van Vechten related the encounter with Tom Phinney in the Square, and at the close of the recital the listener nodded understandingly.

"It is beginning to look as tho my search for a murderer was opening up something a bit more serious," he said. "Do not become unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Van Vechten, but it is possible—barely possible, understand—that we have run into a hornet's nest."

Van Vechten groaned and sank limply back, staring a horror he could not voice.

"Flint! Do you really know what you are saying? What have you to support your belief?"

"Not much. And I have no positive belief. I simply want to present a theory for your consideration, suggested by such few circumstances and facts as I am in the hope that, together, we may arrive at one more plausible. I, too, have been making some inquiries—since finding the purse—and I gathered the idea that some uncertainty exists respecting [illegible] houses; I learned another [illegible] shall expect you to supply such information as you can. Understand, I am laying before you the exceedingly slight data that suggested a kidnaping conspiracy. You should be prepared to meet any contingency."

"But Paige—kidnaped!" exclaimed Van Vechten, aghast.

Mr. Flint ceased trying to disabuse his mind of its fears, by unsupported assurances.

"Let us go back to yesterday," he resumed. "The episode of the four men you saw enter the house was puzzling, was not mystifying to me. Even while you were relating it I was pretty certain that they were responding to an advertisement of some description. The only peculiarity lay in the fact that they arrived precisely an hour apart.

"But that circumstance also is easily explained: the advertiser had need for more than one man, and he wanted to interview them one at a time without them meeting one another. Upon running thru the files of the daily papers for a fortnight back, I found a confirmation of my conclusions. Here it is." And he handed Van Vechten a newspaper clipping, which the latter studied long and intently before returning:

WANTED—A young man who will exchange unreservedly one week of his time for $1,000 cash. Must be muscular and willing to risk an adventure involving an element of danger. If imposed conditions are implicitly obeyed, payment will be made immediately upon successful outcome. If you are confident you are the young man, address X220, Tribune.

"Now," Mr. Flint went on, "certain obvious conclusions may be drawn from this advertisement, and certain things concerning it may be pretty confidently inferred.

"Whatever the enterprise, it involves some danger; it requires young men of physical strength and daring, and it is of sufficient importance to the advertiser for him to expend a considerable sum of money in putting it thru—say four or five thousand dollars. There is an army of young men answering the description, employed as well as unemployed, for whom that little ad. would hold an irresistible appeal; undoubtedly Mr. X-720 was deluged with applications.

"Then what is his next obvious step? Why, he puts the mass of letters thru a process of selection and rejection. From the lot he chooses the few which strike him the most favorably, and makes appointments with the writers. The house across yonder was secured as a base of operations."

"It was not rented from the agent," Van Vechten suddenly interposed, remembering a feature of the Powhatan committee's call on that individual.

Mr. Flint looked pleased. "Good!" said he. "We'll come back to that later. I was going to say, the mere fact of the advertiser's having taken a conspicuous a neighborhood to operate from, was no less than a stroke of genius. Nobody to pry into his affairs, nobody to suspect him—it was only by accident that suspicion was attracted to him at all. Now the circumstances point to connect Miss Carew with the affair. I found her purse hanging from a nail, in a dark corner of an upstairs closet, across the street—in your precious house of mystery. The very fashion of its manufacture alone betrayed his stupefaction. After a pause: "Easy, easy, Flint," said he, unsteadily. "Kindly repeat that this infernal snarl is dulling my faculties."

The other did so adding, "Of course it was left there—overlooked—by somebody; whether by Miss Carew or somebody else, I am not prepared to say."

Van Vechten sat a long time deep in thought. The occasional glance he directed at the detective was eloquent—in contrast with his impassive features—of the doubts and fears and anxieties that were assailing his mind; and of a conflicting hope, which would not be stifled as they were being painted. At last, with a slight gesture that signified his helplessness to cope with the situation, he leaned back and sighed.

"I pass," he said, resignedly. "The thing's utterly beyond me; it's up to you, Flint. Go on."

"Well, you have all the details that suggest a possible kidnaping conspiracy—first, the uncertainty as to the young lady's whereabouts; second, the advertisement; third, the secrecy and extreme caution observed thruout by the unknown conspirators; fourth, the callers at Number 1313; fifth, the purse."

"I was thinking of Mrs. Devereaux," cut in the other—"you know who she is?"

The detective nodded. Van Vechten asked:

"Could she have been kidnaped also?"

"Dismiss Mrs. Devereaux for the present," returned Mr. Flint; "she is an item against the possibility. I was first to mention the most serious aspect of the whole affair, for there is one circumstance that makes its criminality almost self-evident."

"Assuming that the man who was killed went to the house in answer to the advertisement, and there is no reason to believe otherwise—in all likelihood he was a stranger to the advertiser; then, where shall we look for a motive?

"This strikes me as the most probable one; his scruples balked at the enterprise; he denounced the criminals, who were thus threatened with exposure and arrest if they allowed him to denounce the intractable individual. They chose the second alternative, which would insure that they were dispersed."

"Now let us consider the facts supporting the improbability that Miss Carew has been kidnaped.

"First of all, there is the extreme difficulty of doing such a thing in any event—the lack of opportunity. But with your cousin the difficulty is even greater; She is in Europe with a trustworthy companion, and a number of unlikely assumptions must be materially strengthened before the kidnaping hypothesis can be accepted as a working theory.

"If the deed was committed abroad, how was the young lady conveyed to America? If she was first lured to this country, how was she persuaded to make such an important move without notifying her relatives? And always there is Mrs. Devereaux to be considered. If Miss Carew was separated from her, how is her silence to be explained? If she was not separated from Mrs. Devereaux, then the older lady either must be regarded as a confederate, or it must be assumed that she was forcibly taken also—either assumption being extremely improbable.

He Flung the Sheet Open; and There in Glaring Headlines Was a Question Which Struck Him Like a Blow Between the Eyes.

"There is one other idea that occurred to me, but a pretty far-fetched one, I'm bound to admit. We may have stumbled upon a rendezvous of international thieves. The purse may have been stolen from Miss Carew, in Europe, weeks or even months ago."

But Van Vechten decisively shook his head. "It has not been out of her possession a week," asserted he; the significance of which the detective seemed to understand.

"Well," said he, "I have been candid with you, Mr. Van Vechten; suppose you return the compliment."

"What do you mean? I have nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell," the other echoed musingly—"precisely." The contracted eyes favored Van Vechten with a penetrating look.

"Mr. Van Vechten," he began quietly after a pause, "I have not followed my profession for a score of years without acquiring more or less facility in certain directions. For example, I know almost intuitively when anybody is keeping something back from me. I knew that you were not entirely open and frank while I was talking with you yesterday."

For a long time Van Vechten pondered. At last he said, very soberly: "You are right, Flint; I haven't been perfectly frank with you. My conception of detectives and the police generally has been the haziest, but I believe I can trust you"—with stress upon the "you." "I am going to, at any rate."

And then he recounted the episode of the veiled lady in the taxi-cab, the incident of the girl and the sandy-haired man in the crowd, and of his subsequent view of the former at a window in Number 1313.

"My impulse toward reserve is so difficult to account for," he said in conclusion, "that I had determined to keep the matter to myself."

"I am glad you didn't," was the low-voiced rejoinder.

"Flint," said Van Vechten, earnestly,

"do you believe that I am qualified to form a fairly accurate estimate of a person's character, from a study of that person's features?"

"You should be, Mr. Van Vechten," was the reply. "Your habits of life, your daily associations naturally would develop a certain skill in that direction. I would attach considerable weight to your opinion in such a case."

"Then," with a slight assertiveness, "nothing in the world could be more absurd than to imagine the girl I saw being ended in anything criminal, or even entertaining a suspicion that she is surrounded by a criminal atmosphere. She is young, she is beautiful, she is refined and gentle; the stamp of purity and adherence to right ideals is unmistakable in her face. Whatever comes of your investigations, you will find to be unqualifiedly true all that I now assert respecting her."

During this sincere declaration of faith in the unknown girl's impeccability and innocence, Mr. Flint had produced a memorandum book, in which he was now writing. Van Vechten noted the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and watched him in silent curiosity. Mr. Flint wrote methodically, and in a minute or so, when he had finished, he deliberately closed the book, snapped a rubber band around it and returned it to his pocket. There he addressed his companion, but did not allude to what he had recorded.

"I do not question your judgment, for it is more than probable that your estimate is correct. But the fact is of less importance than the circumstance that the young lady seems to entertain a very cordial dislike for you."

"But," expostulated the other, "she doesn't know me, Flint. I never saw her in my life before yesterday. Why should she dislike me? God knows I never intentionally harmed anybody in my life."

"She unquestionably thinks she knows you—which, as far as her conduct is concerned, amounts to the same thing."

"I have raced my car with her," Van Vechten announced, "until I am utterly befogged. I have heretofore accredited myself with possessing a degree of personality, but her unmistakable animus completely mystifies me. I am positive, Flint—absolutely positive—that our destinies have never crossed before in any way."

"Queer enough," was the other's comment. "But the veiled lady; are you certain she could not have been Miss Carew?"

"Oh, no, she was not Paige. There was no detail of resemblance. I have a fancy, based upon nothing that she and the girl at the window are the same."

"But of whom did she remind you?" The detective fastened him with a shrewd regard.

"That," returned Van Vechten, "is the one point concerning which I feel that I ought to know something definite, but which persistently eludes me. In fact, the conviction never crystallized."

Mr. Flint then requested a detailed description of the sandy-complexioned man and the old servant who had been seen to enter in and out of Number 1313, after receiving which he said:

"You mentioned that the house had not been rented thru the regular channels; please explain what you meant."

"The young man did so, telling of the club committee's experience with the Bonner estate's resident manager.

"He declared," said Van Vechten, "that he had never seen the tenant at all—or that none of his office force had; that the house's occupancy had been arranged in some other way. That is all the satisfaction we could get. Temple Bonner, as you know, is the present head of the family. He has resided for years in England. A nephew, Percy Bonner, is a member of this club, however. But he didn't know the property belonged to the estate until we told him."

Mr. Flint fell into a brown study, from which the other had no inclination to disturb him. Presently he roused himself with a little shake.

"I am afraid we had a talk," said he in his quiet way. "But dear me, dear me, what is it leading us to? I trust we are not going to stir any mud."

He abruptly changed the subject, asking: "May I inquire whether you intend making any move to locate Miss Carew?"

"It was my intention to call upon my uncle immediately, lay the case before him, and then set the cables working."

"That's right. I was going to suggest something of the kind."

After Mr. Flint had gone, Van Vechten did not pause to dine. He ascertained by telephone that his uncle would be at home, then summoned a cab and raced thru the stifling night—a night that augured ill—to Theodore Van Vechten's huge, dreary Fifth avenue palace.

CHAPTER XI.
TOM PHINNEY RETURNS.

DURING this ride it occurred to Van Vechten that he had seen nothing of Tom Phinney since he had sent him away so brusquely the day before. He wondered not a little at his friend's prolonged absence, hoped that Tom was not huffy, and finally concluded that he had tired of waiting upon an uncertainty and had gone off upon some jaunt of his own.

The Man of Iron harkened attentively to what Rudolph had to say, but if the narration prompted any misgivings he showed them not at all. He considered a moment, after the younger man had finished, then said:

"One woman might drop from sight in a number of ways, but it is too improbable to believe that both Paige and Josephine could have been made away with without a ripple reaching the shore. Both merit a stern rebuke, altho I apprehend that nothing serious has happened. Paige's allowance shall be stopped until I receive a suitable

His Wife Speaks

He lies, as I know when explaining
His reason for staying out late.
He lies to explain his remaining
At home to escape a debate.

He lies about bills, about letters,
And squarely he looks in my eyes
And lies about money and debtors—
Then lies to account for his lies!

He lies when he hopes I'll believe him.
He lies when he fears that I won't;
And nothing appears so to grieve him
As hearing from me that I don't.

If Truth were not nude, he'd disrobe her
To clothe her anew—and with shoes?
Such plausible lies, when he's sober—
Such pitiful lies, when he's not!

But he says I look younger than ever,
And he praises my lips and my eyes;
Shall I spurn and distrust him? Ah, never—
He tells such adorable lies!

—TED ROBINSON.

explanation of her conduct; that will break the silence, rest assured. Cable me in any case if you want—but don't make yourself a laughing stock."

And Theodore Van Vechten dismissed the subject, nor would he discuss it any further during Rudolph's stay.

A furious thunderstorm was raging when the latter was ready to depart, as he perforce dined with his uncle, and instead of returning to the Powhatan, went directly to his apartment there. He surprised Barnicle with an explicit injunction not to be permitted to sleep a minute before the latter came back.

"Seven, did you say, sir?" asked Barnicle, too thunderstruck to believe his own ears.

The young man regarded his aged valet a trifle sardonically.

"You old satyr. Go to bed at a decent hour, and to sleep—mark that, Barnicle?—and you will find it no great hardship to rise before seven o'clock."

"Oh, it's no 'ardship at all, sir; just, er—beggin' your pardon, sir—just a bit unusual, if I may be allowed to say so, sir."

"Well," Van Vechten announced, "I am going to turn in now. And I want to be up by seven."

For a moment Barnicle seemed to be at a loss, then he moved mechanically toward a handsome teakwood cellarette —and received another surprise. But, admirable servant that he was, not an intimation of the fact was now allowed to escape him.

"Not tonight," said Van Vechten decisively. "I want to sleep once without soaking up a lot of alcohol. And Barnicle——"

"Yes, sir!"

"You may dispense with a cocktail in the morning—any morning, unless I call for one."

An hour later, satisfied that his master actually was in a sound slumber, Barnicle softly closed the door between bed and living-rooms, and moved with an air of stealth to the desk telephone.

Cautiously he seated himself and noiselessly took down the receiver, calling for a number in a voice so low that he was obliged to repeat it. Muffling the mouthpiece with one hand, he held a long conversation—all in a mysterious undertone—the course of which he replied to numerous questions on the part of his unseen interlocutor, and related the amazing orders anent the cocktails.

Following several minutes of intent listening by Barnicle, then he replaced the receiver as noiselessly as he had taken it down, and after switching off the lights stole away to regions best known to himself.

Next morning, bright and early, Rudolph Van Vechten was seated at his writing table, while Barnicle, tall, white-haired, cadaverous of countenance, but extraordinarily efficient, moved quickly about his morning tasks, and so quietly that the young man was not aware of his presence.

Van Vechten was compiling a list of his friends and acquaintances in London, together with such of Paige Carew's friends as he could recall. Having completed this to his satisfaction, he next directed his attention to the composition of a cablegram which, he trusted, would elicit news of Paige or Mrs. Devereux with reasonable promptness and much comment on the part of the recipient.

It was well after ten o'clock when he finished his labors and departed. The instant the door closed Barnicle left off what he happened to be doing at the time, and stood listening to the footfalls growing fainter in the hall. Presently he heard his master's voice utter a sharp "Down!" an ensuing clank and clatter of the elevator door, and Barnicle broke into activity again.

Hastening over to the writing table, he went deftly thru a number of papers. Van Vechten had left the two rough drafts of the cablegram and also one or two complete but badly scratched list of names. One each of these Barnicle selected, carefully folded and placed in his pocket.

In the meantime a taxi-cab conveyed Van Vechten to the nearest telegraph office, where he filed the following message, directed to each person on his list:

"Have lost my Cousin Paige Carew's address. Find out with mine the hear's supply her present address."

He left instructions that all replies be delivered at the Powhatan, whither he betook himself to wait.

Barely had he made himself comfortable in front of one of the windows overlooking the street, when the hall door again opened. He looked around and beheld Tom Phinney returning his greeting until Tom drew nearer, he was about to turn away again, but something in Tom's appearance struck him forcibly struck him as being a bit odd. He gave the truant a sharp glance.

For one thing, Tom's noiseless entrance was in marked contrast to his customary boisterous arrival; a grave and thoughtful cast upon his non usually good-humored countenance, and he was contemplating Van Vechten with a preoccupied stare which plainly took no note of his surroundings.

Seeming all at once to become aware of the figure over the desk, Tom halted, uttered a faint "Hullo, Ruddy," then proceeded to a chair beside Van Vechten's, into which he sank deliberately. He sat gazing dreamily into the street, as inert as protoplasm.

Van Vechten surveyed him from time to time, growing more and more puzzled, as the minutes passed without sound or movement from his companion.

"Well?" he finally broke the silence at last. "It was an invigorating shower we had last night."

A grunt from Tom was the sole response. He didn't even trouble to look around.

"Great Scott!" cried the other impatiently. "What's the matter with you? Are you ill? Or is it money—or debts?"

Still he knew not how to unravel seriously healthy animal, and that neither of the other two possibilities had power to disturb him by the least.

Tom now slowly revolved his head and looked at Van Vechten, glassily. Without emphasis, he drawled out in caressing one wrist, which appeared to his companion to be somewhat swollen and mottled. "Say, Rudolph, I've been mauled."

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

Tom answered with a poorly assumed carelessness: "Up in Rocky Cove." Then unconsciously he began caressing the other wrist, which also was discolored and swollen. Van Vechten observed.

"Rocky Cove—h'm-m. What's happened to your wrists?"

Tom flushed and tried to hide the telltale wrists, but finding this impossible he came suddenly back to earth.

"Ruddy," he abruptly announced, "I mean to find a job."

"A laudable ambition," commented his friend, still eyeing him curiously. "I

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never had a job myself, nor any desire for one; which, as has been pointed out to me more than once, is nothing whatever to my credit. What do you purpose doing, may I inquire?"

"I'm serious," returned Tom, scowling. "I mean just what I say. I intend to go to work. Think of all the years I've squandered in idleness——"

"Heaven forbid!" broke in his friend. "I can imagine only one thing that could set you to reflecting upon the desolate, dreary waste of your misspent life. And, marvelous to say, it has come at last! Who is this paragon of her sex that has quickened you?"

Tom colored [illegible] growled [illegible] well try talking seriously [illegible]

"Believe me," said Van [illegible] estly, "I never was in a more [illegible] in my life. Mayn't I be permitted some vent for my stupefaction? You appear here, utterly unlike the chap I know, and sit for minutes, about as garrulous as a corpse, then overwhelm me with the amazing revelation that you are— [illegible] in love! Tom, my dear fellow, [illegible] if I were participating in a [illegible] Tell me frankly all about her."

"[illegible] the tenderest, most musical [illegible] the world," said Tom fervently.

"[illegible] the genuine poetic touch," said [illegible]. "And her hair?—her eyes? Is she tall or short—Psyche, or Diana? [illegible] Hippolyta?"

"I don't know," stammered Tom.

"What!"

Tom twisted and squirmed uneasily in his chair.

"[illegible]" [illegible] I was an ass for coming here; I might have known that you'd screw everything out of me. When I say I don't know what she looks like, I mean just that, but it makes [illegible] out a blooming lunat[illegible] her. I haven't the [illegible] I her worse than ever I wanted anything in my life."

"Suppose," said his friend sympathetic[illegible] "you tell me all about her."

Tom did. He began with his day upon the waters of the Sound, concluding this stage of his adventure with an account of the motorboat and its occu[illegible]

[illegible] mention of the white-haired ser[illegible] Van Vechten started violently, but [illegible] ged to restrain the ejaculation that leaped to the tip of his tongue. His interest was now doubled, and he settled himself to harken to the narrative, which he followed thenceforward to the end with a concentration that inspired Tom to genuine eloquence.

At the close of the recital Van Vechten remained a long time absorbed in thought.

"To think," he said finally, "that you—of all persons—should have blundered into an adventure like that! But, Tommy, it is unfortunate that you [illegible]

[illegible] nodded [illegible] listen to this," Van Vechten [illegible]

[illegible] to my [illegible] that I [illegible]

Tom [illegible] miserable after they had discussed matters more at length, and after he had heard and understood the nature of the minacious coil which seemed to be entangling Miss Carew with a murder. How, neither [illegible] t conceive. But there [illegible] hey could not be ig[illegible]

[illegible] tion of the [illegible]

[illegible] quietly, but none the less firmly, ob[illegible]

"Look here, Tom," Van Vechten all [illegible] "We a[illegible]

both interested in the same one."

This was the most astonishing disclosure that Tom had yet heard.

"You?" he almost shouted his amazement.

Van Vechten nodded. "I saw her in the crowd at the alley Sunday, and again at a window across the street while we were returning here. Whether she is the girl in the dark or Jessie, I do not know; but——"

"Describe her," Tom eagerly interrupted.

"She is slender, her hair and eyes are dark. She is very beautiful."

But Tom was emphatically shaking his head. [illegible]

"I was going to say that I am confident of this girl's innocence of any wrongdoing, or even a suspicion of wrongdoing. Such being the case, no harm can befall either of them from anything Flint and I do.

"It's the sandy-haired chap that I want to get at; I suspect he's the mainspring of the whole affair, and indubitably Flint thinks so, too. Flint's a pretty clever chap; I respect him more every time we talk. I believe he is thoroly dependable.

"At any rate, if that hulking bruiser knows anything about Paige, he must be made to tell it. Flint can do whatever he pleases with regard to the murder."

It was with a guilty consciousness that he was betraying a confidence, that [illegible] gave a grudging assent to Van Vechten's proposal. But he brightened when the latter supplemented:

"Why, Tom, they being the sort of [illegible] power."

Their talk wandered far into the realm of speculation, carrying them over the luncheon hour and back to their seats in the lounge. It was profitless, and the entry of a messenger with a sheaf of cablegrams for Van Vechten came as a welcome diversion, altho anticipation lent the incident an unwonted excitement.

He took them with trembling hands. His spirits steadily fell as he read. One and all, the replies disclosed an ignorance of Paige Carew's presence in England, or that she was even expected there.

"Here's the situation, Tom," said Van Vechten, unable to control the quiver of anxiety in his voice. "During all the weeks [illegible] her English friends, God alone knows what has been happening to her. Always heretofore I have at least been [illegible] to communicate with Mrs. Devereaux."

"Wait till you get all the answers," Tom spoke encourag[illegible]

"No use. This [illegible] ough. If she was now or h[illegible] any of the places I have [illegible]," tapping the messag[illegible] be sure to know it. I [illegible] to her Paris [illegible]

[illegible] MISSING."

And below this was a smudged, two-column half-tone portrait, which may have been made from a photograph of his cousin.

CHAPTER XII

$500 REWARD

WHEN Rudolph Van Vechten rallied [illegible]

[illegible] w, and which shrieked as loud as a [illegible] double leads could make it. There were smaller headlines—but visible enough, [illegible] name and his own, and most inconspicuously of all—doubtless as being the least [illegible] factor—Mrs. Devereaux's [illegible] himself [illegible] once every[illegible] ph is a [illegible] umber of [illegible]

In the first place, it was made unmistakable that everybody who knew or should have known where Paige Carew was, either would not tell, or else they did not know, and it was demonstrated how this reticence was conclusive evidence that she had encountered some untoward fate. Every possible change was rung upon the [illegible] headline: "Where is Paige Carew [illegible]

Sphere's enterprising attempt (and failure) to trace her by cable, the effort of the London correspondent to run her to cover, and his interviews with her London friends and acquaintances, who expressed the utmost astonishment that [illegible] her whereabouts should exist.

A recent celebrated abduction case was summarized and certain similarities between it and Miss Carew's evanishment were played up strong—the deliberate intention of course being to insinuate that the girl had met with a like outrage.

In short, so adroitly was the whole [illegible] Sphere would have nothing to retract.

Van Vechten, white with rage, gnashed his teeth. Glancing up to ascertain whether he was the target of too many curious eyes, and discovering that he and Tom were once more alone, he gave vent to a hushed but heated expression of his feelings.

"That," gritted he, mutilating the sheet with a vicious jab [illegible] ble. If that meddling little reporter were here I'd thrash him within an inch of his life. Lord, won't Uncle Theodore rage and tear his hair when he sees it? Believe me, old chap, there'll be something doing now. . . . Alexander! Where did that boy go?"

Alexander was upon the scene almost [illegible] innocence.

Van Vechten instructed: "Telephone the Kenmore garage and have Ramley fetch my touring car here immediately—[illegible] its urgency as well, was proved by his prompt appearance.

"Let Ramley go; I'd rather run the machine than listen to you talk, anyhow," returned Tom candidly. "A fellow might have a chance to think."

The offer was considered seriously, and, to Tom's satisfaction, favorably.

Under Tom's expert guidance the huge machine glided silently over to Fourth avenue, across Union Square to Broadway, and down that busy channel [illegible] were held within the speed li[illegible] with the utmost difficulty.

They stopped at a telegraph office, where Van Vechten filed a cablegram to Paige's last known Paris address. When he returned to the car—"Let us hurry [illegible] phone [illegible] He paused and looked questioningly up at Tom.

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Waist.............Length [illegible]

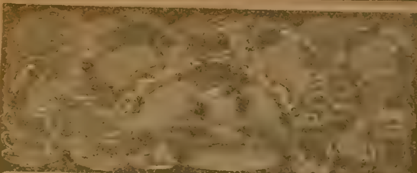
If not perfectly satisfied [illegible] will return it and you [illegible]

Name.................................

Address......................

SUBMARINE FREE

[illegible] CONCOR [illegible]



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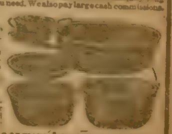

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"Well, So You Have Turned Up at Last," Van Vechten Greeted Him Sourly.

The Blackmailer

[Copyright]

"HANBURY" inquired the bank president of his secretary, inspecting the card which had been brought to him. "Do I know anybody named Hanbury, Jenkins?"

"It's that crazy fellow who has been trying to see you for weeks past," replied the secretary. He insists that his business is personal and confidential.

"Does he look dangerous, Jenkin

"No, sir, but dogged as they make 'em. He's been here [illegible] that I should ask you if you cared to see him."

"Send him in, Jenkins," answered Myers. "One never knows. And, if I discover symptoms of insanity I'll [illegible]. Yes, send him in."

The man who entered did not betray any symptoms of insanity. He was about 50 years of age, a little down at his luck, with ill-fitting clothes, but not the type that would attempt violence. He paused in the middle of the room and looked hard at Myers.

"Well, sir?" demanded the president.

"I guess you don't know me," said Hanbury, "but I know you. I'm Jim Wilkins' brother. He was [illegible] years old [illegible] provide for him."

"I don't [illegible] predicament," replied the other.

"But it has [illegible] you who are going to assist her. I need five hundred dollars to get a share in a new business venture."

"It's blackmail, all right," the president said with a smile [illegible]. "Who's ever [illegible] you? You'd better not try it [illegible]."

"It's blackmail, all right," Hanbury answered, taking a letter from his pocket. "First let me tell you the name of my wife. She was Miss Connie Stevens."

The president remained impassive, but his face blanched. Hanbury was quick to notice it. He uttered a short laugh.

In that moment of delay, Myers' mind went back to the early days when he was a young lawyer in the West. He had had adventures there. He had done things which had made him eagerly sought after by his own Government. He had amassed a fortune there, but he had [illegible] in America.

Of all the bitterness that he had known, bitterest was the remembrance of that night when he had written a remorseful letter to Connie Stevens. He told her all—the incident of the kidnaping of the baby, the death of the old chief who tried to rescue the man whom Myers had enslaved, the bloody tale of murder and theft which had given him wealth.

He was coming back to America, he said. Would she take him in spite of his record of crime? In the hot tropics his sense of right had become atrophied. He wanted to lead a clean life hereafter. Would she take him back?

[illegible] Myers [illegible] and [illegible] Hanbury [illegible] "You understand what this means," he said to Myers. "If I don't take a letter into my own pocket I could get five hundred for it. That's cutting at the throat of discovering you. You aren't a rich man—not the kind of rich man I mean—you're supposed to be a good citizen. But that letter would prove you. Well, there's the letter. Give me five hundred first, I don't want to blackmail. I'm driven [illegible]

[illegible] I had [illegible] did it gave me my [illegible] greeted it either. But she didn't! I got the letter. [illegible] love useful some day. And it [illegible]

Well, well, [illegible] dered or should I say [illegible] blackmailed [illegible] started [illegible] fear [illegible] I'll do. I'll give you an order on the cashier for five hundred if you hand [illegible] letter and envelope to me."

"I get the money first," said Hanbury. "Write. Please pay bearer five hundred dollars in cash in return for valuable trade information, of which I am to have exclusive possession." Financed? Good! Now we'll go to the desk and draw."

[illegible] Myers the letter.

"Now," he said awkwardly, "you can be troubled with me again. Good-day."

"Stop!" said Myers. "I told you nobody ever blackmailed me. You think I paid you five hundred for the letter?" He chuckled, grinned the other.

[illegible] returned, that fellow tried to [illegible] me. I turned him down [illegible] ever blackmailed me, or [illegible] It's worth [illegible] Kansas [illegible] It's worth [illegible] to be [illegible] a rare one."

Imperial Solicitude.

"HAS the 7th Division advanced?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Splendid. And what positions are our brave Bavarians occupying?"

"Oh, all sorts of positions; lees in the air, sprawling in ditches, on bayonet piled on other in the form of positions."

"Good, good! [illegible] carnage."

Her Yearning.

"I KNOW where I could get a couple of tolerably fair husbands," mused the widow, "but what I've always wanted is a white velvet opera cloak."

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S305

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Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. X1303, Chicago

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. [illegible] Chicago

[illegible] shoes on arrival, and examine them [illegible] Duty. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

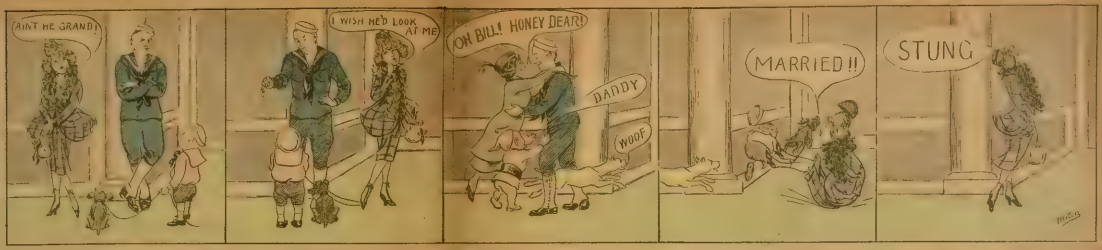
Size [illegible] Width [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Age [illegible] Married or single [illegible]

Address [illegible]

LOVE SICK LULU



His Limp.

The professor was walking down the street when accidentally he skinned one foot to drop in the dry gutter. Thinking deeply on some obscure subject, he saw [illegible] you feeling this morn' . . .

"Well," said the professor, "when I left home this morning I was feeling quite all right, but during the last few minutes I notice I have a limp in my left leg."

Piece of Perversity.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, the anti-suffragist, [illegible] New York addr[illegible]

Dope for German Public.

Here is a joke that gets funnier every [illegible]

General Pershing: Madame, another [illegible] sentiment of our Army of assistance be [illegible]

Lucie France—Oh, superb! May I [illegible] accommodations for them?

General Pershing—Yes, two rooms [illegible]

His Inference.

[illegible] all day in a depot[illegible] the man. "You must [illegible] snapped the [illegible] store to do her correcting. She was de[illegible] server should not take [illegible] criticized.

"I know it," he answered, "but that's the kind the farmer brings us. They are just fresh fr[illegible] his morning."

"Yes, and [illegible] they take them off the nest too soon."

A Full Description.

"Hello, old chap. You're married now, I understand."

"Yep, I am married. Been married two years."

"Some domestic extravaganza, [illegible]"

"Nah! Just a [illegible]"

Seed Corn.

"When planting corn next spring, Hiram," said the seed dealer, "remember my new brand. I call it the Little Pitcher."

"Why do you call it that?"

"It has large ears."

Piece of Perversity.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, the anti-suffragist, [illegible] New York addr[illegible]

Enough of Them.

"I see they are going to put conscientious objectors to work on the farms," [illegible] white," replied the old farmer. "We've had enough of that sort of help hanging around our farms already."

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

131—My first is in hay, but not in [illegible] spend
My second is in borrow, but not in lend.
My third is in look, but not in [illegible]
My fourth is in lake, but not in sea.
My whole is to be enjoyed.

Diagonal.

132—

C * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Our diagonal this way ——— It is:
1. A small hut
2. To tumble
3. The act of dipping water out as in a boat
4. A small island

[illegible]

133 [illegible]

Beheadings.

134—1 Behead to engage to do work
2 Behead and have a drink
3 Behead healths and leave a drink
4 Behead a spot of grass and leave a great quantity
5 Behead an awkward fellow and leave an adverb meaning not at home

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

127. Anagram.

Oak, maple, willow, pine, beech, peach, larch, elm, chestnut.

128. Hidden Trees.

1. Ash-ton. 2. Beech. [illegible]
3. Oak-ley. 5. Reed-ster

130. A Word Square.

W A I T
A R I A
I R I S
T A S K

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

Briefly Told, but Long.

For half an hour the two men [illegible] and another in the room of the prison cell. Finally the [illegible] spoke. "Ah, sai[illegible] wife's ov[illegible]

"His under lip [illegible] least an inch," he said.

Kaiser's Fear.

"It's Kaiser has also [illegible] for dressing himself, sh[illegible] mid-American. "If he goes to see the performing seals, it must be in an ad[illegible]

"He wouldn't [illegible] wash his hands [illegible] cigars.

"Thanks, grandson," said the boy, setting the cigars carefully. "I'll go and set them in the smoke."

Somewhat Overawed.

"Your new steno[illegible]
"Awfully [illegible]
"Indeed! [illegible]
"Absolutely [illegible]
"A beauty!"

puffs and five powder. I thought as [illegible] he had the latest dope on spelling.

Time to Cease.

"What are you going to say about [illegible] a new novel?"

"Nothing," replied the critic. "There's been enough white paper wasted as it is."

Surprised

[illegible]

Not as Easy to Borrow

[illegible]

Hop to It.

[illegible]

"Well, there's a field [illegible] the thing to turn up. And made to turn it with [illegible]

Kaiser's Fear.

"It's Kaiser has also [illegible] for dressing himself, sh[illegible] mid-American. "If he goes to see the performing seals, it must be in an ad[illegible]

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Surprised

[illegible]

Latevan wanted to buy a reliable cle[illegible]

Dream and Business

[illegible]

Needed Revision.

[illegible] in New Y[illegible]

[illegible] that before the n[illegible] it's hardly [illegible] to 15 cal[illegible]

Needless Expense.

[illegible] girl, you was go[illegible] do you stock [illegible] in bucketsful

[illegible] you will [illegible] you [illegible]

Those Feathers.

[illegible] one from the antip[illegible] little white [illegible] ask it

[illegible] if them Australians

"You can tell by the kangaroo feather in his hat."

Hand Work.

[illegible]

Both Wrong.

Mary (to jeweler)—Would you please [illegible] settle an argument for me? This is my "Oh, I [illegible] engagement ring. My young man says only a [illegible] it's pronounced 'turkeyshe,' and I said it [illegible] was 'turkeyesa.' What do you say, eye? Teed

Jeweler—I'm afraid you're both crazy [illegible] wrong. The correct pronunciation is and [illegible] "glass."

Pane and the Cycle.

"You say that Solomon was the wisest man [illegible]

"I do," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "Solomon had all kinds of a reputation. As supposed the richest man he was able to supply his own publicity talent that struck him [illegible]

She Agrees.

"My dear, you will have to check this expansion of yours for shopping," said the [illegible]

"All right, dear. Just give me the check."

Same Old Stuff.

"I see the Kaiser says—"

"My idea of wasting time is to read anything the Kaiser has to say."

Unselfish.

[illegible] "What bookkeeper of mine is a vermi[illegible] were the cause [illegible] Hill now."

"Hush! After running the gamut of the mem[illegible] he lost his family he had to remain at [illegible] home yesterday on account of a sick [illegible] and horse.

The Reason.

Mike—"You know why there is such a great shortage of soap in Germany [illegible] don't you?"

Ike—"Oh, wh[illegible]

Mike—"Cause they do so much dirty [illegible] work."

Has to Stagger[illegible]

Mr. Thinefas—"Our friend Dodge tells [illegible] good the that he has been doing settlement work lately."

Mr. Friday—"Yes, his creditors finally [illegible] cornered him."

Mr. Waterproof.

[illegible] Lady (to polite youth in crowded street [illegible] "Be the your seat."

Polite Youth (gallantly)—"Oh, but it's no depravit, at all."

Mrs Smith "The old man upstairs must have a tremendous correspondence. The postman always has mail for him."

Smith—"Oh, he quarreled with the postman once and ever since he sends himself a postcard every day so he will have to climb five flights of stairs to deliver it."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1915, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, [illegible]

Published Every Saturday

BY W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS

Men talk shop and women talk shopping.

Politeness often makes liars of honest men.

During the courtship love shows up in the dark.

People who accomplish most make the least noise.

The more a wise man thinks the less he is apt to talk.

Too many so called gems of thought turn out to be paste.

[illegible] ... would have to revise [illegible]

[illegible] ... room, his small [illegible] ... [illegible] ... gate to [illegible]

Lots of people would rather not own things that they can borrow.

If you are unable to hold your temper get a strong man to hold you.

Don't expect your friends to be stuck on your jokes if they are pointless

How many knockers are there in a town? Well, how many failures are there?

The labor question will never be solved until necessity for work is eliminated.

Says a rural editor: "Money is close—but not quite close enough for us to reach it."

Fish are said to be excellent brain food. It's a shame to waste the fish in some cases.

Good resolutions and ladies who faint in crowded street cars should always be carried out.

Doubtless some people go around looking for charity because of what it is supposed to cover.

Occasionally a man is so anxious to see his name in print that he gets on the delinquent tax list.

Free speech can go as far as the toleration of public opinion will permit and not much farther.

To the suburbanite life seems to be made up of mowing the lawn and shoveling snow off the walks.

A visitor never wishes to be treated "like one of the family" if it involves being present at a family [illegible]

A newly unearthed coat of arms isn't worth much without the history of one's family at the time they displayed it.

An Irish philosopher says that everything comes to the man who gets up and hustles while he sits down and waits.

It sometimes happens that a disappointment in love saves the victim from a greater disappointment in marriage.

A woman can keep an expense account, but [illegible] one woman in a hundred can make it [illegible] with her cash account.

One who has the habit of going along the street in a reverie, usually has half a dozen of his acquaintances mad at him because he doesn't nod.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

THE Circulation Manager came into the Editor's office the other day to talk over matters of interest to both. The Circulation Manager was getting after a letter to the effective readers of the Ledger people who have not become acquainted with the magazine. "Now," said the Circulation Manager, "I want to tell them about the Ledger and its good [illegible] What is the one big characteristic of the [illegible] you buy for the Ledger?" "They [illegible]," replied the Editor, and went on [illegible] what he meant.

IN OTHER words (this is what the Editor told the Circulation Manager), the stories which appear [illegible] written by men and women who know what they are writing about. The characters in their stories are real flesh and blood [illegible] the scenes they depict are real [illegible] the cases known, the situations are taken from life itself. To write a story of society people a writer must know them, he must have mixed with them. To write about the down-and-outer a writer need not have been down and out himself. He may have had associations with those who had made full use of their lives, he may have been one of them himself, but in any event he must know that class. A man who never has spent more than a few days [illegible] his own little bailiwick is hardly fitted to write about the big city or a foreign land.

TAKE the case of Hugh Pendexter, whose stories of Indian life are among the most vivid ever written. Pendexter was born in a Maine town and he determined he was going to become a writer of fiction. The determination was only a starting point. Many people seem to believe that [illegible] needed is a pencil and a piece of paper and, presto, one has become an author. Pendexter knew better. He saw that ahead of him lay long years, hard work and study before he could hope to become a success. Patiently he began to write and study. He did not flood editors with his amateurish contributions. He wrote and wrote and wrote and then tore up what he had written and wrote again. Wasted effort, do you think? Not by a long shot. Because all the time he was learning about the game. He kept on studying the subjects about which he was writing. That is why the world now laughs at his humorous stories and hangs [illegible] the tales of [illegible]. And there's [illegible] ... [illegible] ... pals [illegible].

A [illegible] ago Pendexter saw that war stories soon would be the mainstay of almost every writer. He decided he would not write war stories, but would seek a new field. He found it in the American Indian. The Indian, by the way, never has been written up as he should be in fiction. Years ago we had the dime novel that had Indians as its central figures. But to the writers the Indian was just an Indian, a character with plenty of action to him. But the real Indian was not brought out in these stories. Pendexter, with his knack of writing, might have written stories about Indians. Instead he started out to study Indians. He read everything on the subject he could lay his hands on; he met and talked with Indians; he discussed them with Indian authorities. Then when he felt he knew Indians he began to write about them. The result is well known. A few days ago Pendexter said to his boy: "Son, whenever you see an Indian, take off your hat. He paid your way thru [illegible]

TODAY Pendexter is heralded as the best posted man in the world on the American Indian. An Indian story by him is not closely scrutinized by editors for flaws, because they know Pendexter knows what he is writing about. That is the kind of a man or woman the Ledger wants to write its stories—people who know what they are writing about. No young fellow who has merely set out with ambition, but not the knowledge, can write a story that will get by in the Ledger. No woman who never has had a love affair can write a love story that will ring true and pass muster on the Ledger's standard that a story must be true to life. No person who has lived a sedentary life at home can write a story of thrills and action. Many of them try it, however, and their stories come back and they wonder why.

EDITORS generally are a kindly set. They feel [illegible] men and writing plainly to their would-be contributors, explaining to them why their stories won't do. But—the writers would get angry, or perhaps discouraged, and the Editor would make an enemy, so he takes the easy way out and sends a polite rejection slip, full of regrets that the story does not suit his particular magazine. You [illegible] ar of a man who resolves that for one day at [illegible] will tell the truth absolutely on everything. [illegible] he winds up in a police station or a [illegible] If editors told the plain, blunt truth to [illegible] ories they reject, there would be some mighty disappointed people all over the country. Perhaps it is just as well. What's the use of stirring up anger and hate? There's enough of it in this old world without adding more.

The Editor.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Sign on a window near ye Ed's office:

[illegible]

Closed to Poor Klok.

[illegible]

Gott Mit Uns!

Arthur Gott is a member of the 419th telegraph battalion, A. E. F.

Try the Village Doctor.

Sir: Can't you do something for my friend Billy Ake of Mashota, Wis.?

This Ties Mrs. Lot.

"Sugar Limited, Candy Makers Turn to Syrup." Jackson (Miss.) News.

Vot, Yet!

"Cambrai Also May Be Already Taken."—Wausau (Wis.) Record-Herald.

A Most Affecting Reunion.

"Yankee in France Meets Mule He Knew in Indiana."—Indianapolis (Ind.) News.

Almost everybody is harboring a cold, including Miss Ethel Sniffin, of Manly, Iowa.

We Have Made the Record.

Vic. Trolia, a student of Decatur, Ill., was chairman of our entertainment committee.

Unusually Fine Distinction.

"One large room, furnished; suitable for two gentlemen or bachelors."—Washington (D. C.) Post.

Honesty Is the Best Policy.

"N. B.—Don't ask us if there is oil on these leases; if we knew we wouldn't be advertising."—Oil and Gas Journal.

Another Immortal Over There.

A card was received from Brother Hy Gee stating he had arrived safely on the other side.—Sons of St. George Herald.

Sewing picture posters on Cherokee street. [illegible] to confer with others in amateur painting.

[illegible]

Amature Night.

[illegible]

Across the street:

[illegible]

Amateur Night!

[illegible]

In Response to the Call, "Wake Up! You're Country Needs You."

The St. James Cemetery will meet at the Connolly home on Thursday afternoon.—Nevada (Iowa) Representative.

New Movement.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd "backed out" going to Idaho. —Mount Pleasant (Texas) Correspondent of the Gravette (Ark.) News-Herald.

A Hot Time.

The Colorado Mountain Club tramped from Leyden to Golden last Sunday. The club leader was Miss Eunice Sweat; phone, Gallup 1532.

If You Can't Buy Coal, Try to Contract the Flu.

Chilly sensations are usual, and the temperature is from 100 degrees to 400 degrees, the pulse remaining comparatively low.—Rockford (Ill.) Star.

What Were He's Profits?

Frank Baker went to Mt. Ida Saturday with a bale of cotton belonging to he and Mack Baker.—Lone Star Correspondent of the Montgomery County (Texas) Democrat.

The Insomnia Twins.

There was so much noise in a Cleveland hotel [illegible] week that our Mr. Quite couldn't sleep. On complaining to the clerk, he was told that T. B. Loud of Worcester, Mass., and Noyes P. Howell of Milwaukee had just registered.

Seen in a Local Cemetery.

[illegible]

In Memory of ——, Aze 12 Years. Accidentaly Shot and Killed by His Brother—A Mark of Affection.

A Swell Catch for Somebody.

Wanted—A position as private mechanic and driver for well-to-do lady; would consider matrimony if mutually agreed; am 38; no tobacco; no strong drink; good driver and can take care of my car; muf sed. Address Jim Lovelady, Box 1785, Flagstaff, Ariz.—Denver (Colo.) Post.

THE DEAD MAN'S SHOES

By H. F. Huntington

In far-off Hawaii the Hun spy plays his game, using a girl's heart as a plaything and another man's identity to further his dastardly schemes for Germany.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

HONOLULU had I stepped from the gangplank at Honolulu when I came face to face with my old fighting comrade, Ben Talbot, still very lame from a Mexican wound, but hale and hearty and so young in looks that I doubted my eyes for the surprised moment. Then he settled my doubts characteristically.

"Well, Ben Talbot, what on earth are you doing down here?" I exclaimed over a prodigious handshake.

"That's the question for me to ask. I'm at home, working for our Uncle Sam and running a sugar plantation on the side," Ben gave terse account of himself.

"At home? You mean you are married and all that?"

"Married and everlastingly happy—happier than I've any right to be I sometimes think, considering how things have come with other men pretty much all over the world. John and we ever dreamed, when we were getting our grind primed for the Manoa, scene that we'd see the whole world at war? Tell me what brought you down here, Leslie."

I explained my business briefly, for I made it clear to Talbot that I had never seen Hawaii before.

"You'll want to see Kona, first of all," said Talbot instantly. "But I'm down at Hilo, where something unusual must have turned up, as he was due to return today. I'm down to meet him on rather urgent business, that will have to wait, same as your affairs. Meanwhile you'll come out home with me and meet my wife."

"You married down here, Ben?"

"Yes, almost two years ago—tho it seems hardly two months—and I haven't gotten over my wonderment at being loved by a little queen who could have had her pick of the best and most brilliant men in the whole country. Love has remade me, the world, the sun, and the best thing of all is that it will last out when a sheer infatuation would not. I'm not boasting about myself, and as he has no attractions to speak of, he's elected for life, you see."

"My wife was Miss Sarondie, you the Sarondale you're thinking of," Ben answered my unspoken question.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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bot and every one else but his sister—some sinister secret that was gnawing into Mrs. Talbot's very heart.

On the golden summer morning that [illegible] journey ended, Talbot's happy world [illegible] about him without warning, [illegible] him starkly alone at the brink [illegible] shred of a man who wrought the ruin without knowing that he did it—Paul Sarondale, [illegible] street, looking so shabby and miserable and dejected that Talbot cried out in [illegible] dismay.

"Why, Sarondale, whatever has befallen you?" he exclaimed gripping the man's unsteady hand. "Where have you been all this time? Delphine and I have wired all over the country for word of you."

There was something like hunger in [illegible]

[illegible] the time, Ben," he said in a husky undertone, "living under an assumed name for the sake of my boy, Leslie. I got disquieting word of him the moment I [illegible] here two years ago, and of course looked him up at once. His trouble was [illegible] serious that I had to drop my identity [illegible]

[illegible] her brother [illegible] his collapse in Papeete [illegible] and got away somehow [illegible] me he'll never [illegible] Delphine [illegible] tell [illegible] about [illegible] till the [illegible] far off [illegible] to drug [illegible]

[illegible] kind, frank eyes and his face had turned gray and haggard as if a mortal disease had stricken him. Sarondale was startled by the sudden devastating change in his robust, cheery son-in-law. "I'm sorry I told [illegible] and [illegible] able by it [illegible] speak then [illegible] in a raw [illegible]

[illegible] He got [illegible] an opium [illegible] gang and the [illegible] after him for that. [illegible]'s in such a bad way from drug [illegible] that I don't think he'll last very long."

"We must get him into a hospital, then," said Talbot grimly. "Take me to [illegible] know you can trust [illegible] Sarondale. The only thing to do is [illegible] ordered an un-[illegible]

[illegible] hours [illegible] stood face to face [illegible] had been [illegible] ged to the den [illegible] lures [illegible] than by [illegible] He [illegible]

[illegible] consulted the [illegible] to have little [illegible]

[illegible] and where death [illegible]

[illegible] Ben Talbot [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] when he entered my pl[illegible], at the end of the second day, he [illegible] owed that he had been thru a heart-br[illegible] king fight and had come out victor[illegible] without any [illegible] tory.

"I must not [illegible] much," he said [illegible] voice, "for her [illegible] time [illegible] be-[illegible] trying to please hi[illegible] charming ad[illegible] may have [illegible] beside me.

[illegible] ble youth'—and I [illegible] ing but a commonplace kna[illegible] ing money and ru[illegible] ordinary machinery of life.

[illegible] to make amends for blundering so willfully into her life and spoiling her happiness. How to do it I don't know—I don't know. John, you have come this far into my domestic tragedy; now see it thru with me and help me to act [illegible] toward the man [illegible]

[illegible] with Talbot, on the month's leave that was due me by that time, for I was [illegible] to my good old comrade whose lines had fallen into such painfully tragic places.

Talbot had himself well in hand by the time we reached Honolulu so that he betrayed no sign of what raged within him even when he returned Leslie's brotherly greeting in kind. His wife welcomed him with a sparkling, almost turbulent fervor that bespoke nerves keyed up to a high tension of emotional [illegible] she held [illegible] from Talbot [illegible] if she [illegible] left alone [illegible] had prepared a special treat in honor of his home-coming jointly with a little [illegible] for her brother.

She was fervently enthusiastic about that party, altho she assured us, between gusts of gay conversation, that it was to be a very small affair with [illegible] but [illegible] a little [illegible] as a [illegible] which she thought [illegible] would especially enjoy.

"We can talk afterward, Ben," she addressed her quietly attentive husband, "for there really isn't time for anything now, as I have promised to [illegible] cross the [illegible] guests Mr. [illegible] you know and I must be off at once. You'll be [illegible]

Talbot [illegible] with [illegible] wife's plans without protest. A sense of impending tragedy hung over us both during Delphine's absence, but nothing unusual happened and the little party assembled gaily at the festive table, which was exquisitely decorated and lighted with artificial flower bulbs. Delphine was arrayed to fit the fairy-like scene [illegible] veritable Titania, in the [illegible] of silvery green [illegible] that gave [illegible] and brilliant beauty a touch of indescribable witchery; and her mood was as gay as her looks.

Leslie, being the birthday guest, was especially honored in that the hostess tendered him the first toast. Before the rest of us realized what she was about to do she [illegible] ned toward him, her black [illegible] her glass [illegible] a word [illegible]

[illegible] tense. Then she gave her glass a lightning swift turn and flung its contents full in L[illegible]

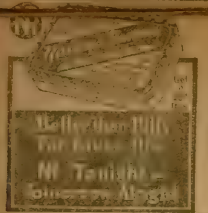
[illegible] he denounced him [illegible] ble contempt [illegible]

[illegible] ted life out there in lonely Hilo and deliberately snared my fancy for your [illegible] passing enjoyment," she reminded [illegible] with icy bitterness, "and because [illegible] code of ethics required a proposal of honorable marriage before I [illegible] accept your love-making you [illegible] and deceitfully filled the requirements to make your way easy.

"When good, honorable Ben Talbot came, with his whirlwind suit and his honest love that caused my wise father [illegible] banish you and your silken lures, my [illegible] to the [illegible] possible advantage to drag [illegible] the bewildered confession [illegible] love [illegible] him so [illegible]

"After I had married Ben and waked to the blessed realization of all that his honest love meant to me and would mean all the rest of my life, I tried to [illegible] I wanted to tell [illegible] exactly how it was with me, but I failed to find you. And when you came sneaking back into my life you pretended to believe that I still loved you, and you held my foolish confession over me [illegible] would have [illegible] wound Ben's love by [illegible] him know I had married him under any degree of protest. Then, [illegible] helped me [illegible]

"Before I got back my courage I d[illegible] [illegible] all the powers of heaven and hell, to snare you in your own contemptible trap. So I played [illegible] in me till you gave yourself into my power—you and [illegible]



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PILES FREE TREATMENT

[illegible]

The Bride of Golden Mountain

(Continued From Page 8.)

caught me in his strong arms and held me fast. I dashed my fists against his face, but he would not let me go.

"Diable! Are you mad, monsieur?" he burst out as I continued to struggle. And then I recognized my captor as Captain Dubois.

"Jacqueline is on the Claire!" I cried, trying to make him understand. "They took her there. They——"

"It is all right," answered Dubois, holding me with one hand, while with the other he wiped a blood drop from his lip where I had struck him. "It is all right. [illegible] have her."

I stared wildly at him. "She is on the Claire!" I cried again.

"No, mon ami. She is aboard the Sainte-Vierge," replied Dubois, chuckling, "and if you wish to accompany mademoiselle you must come with me at once, for we are getting up steam."

I could not believe him. I thought that Leroux had tampered with the honest man. It was not until he had taken me, half forcibly, aboard, and opened the cabin door, that I saw her. She was seated upon her berth, and she rose and came toward me with a glad little cry.

"Jacqueline!" I cried and clasped her in my arms for joy, and quite forgot.

A dancing shadow fell upon the wall behind the oil lamp. The honest captain was rubbing his hands in the doorway and chuckling with delight

"It is all right, it is all right; excuse me, monsieur," he said, and closed the door on us. But I called him, and he returned, not very reluctantly.

"What has happened, captain?" I asked. "You are not going to leave me in suspense?"

"But what has happened to you, monsieur?" he asked, with great concern, as he saw the blood on my coat collar. "You have met with an accident?"

Jacqueline cried out and ran for water, and made me sit down, and began bathing my head. I contrived to whisper something of what had occurred during the moments when Jacqueline flitted to and fro. Dubois swore roundly.

"It is my fault, monsieur," he said. "I should have known. I should have accompanied you home. It would be a tough customer who would venture to meddle with Alfred Dubois! But I was anxious to get to the telegraph office to inform M. Danton of your coming. And I [illegible]ted something, too, for I knew [illegible] Leroux had something more in his mind than [illegible] Boniface at such [illegible]

"So [illegible] I finished telegraphing [illegible] hurried home and [illegible] to [illegible] and little Madeline [illegible] two [illegible] I came back [illegible] boat—and that part I shall tell you later, for mademoiselle knows nothing of the plot against her, and has been greatly distressed for you. So it shall be understood that you fell down and hurt your head on the ice—eh?"

I agreed to this. "But what did she think?" I asked, as Jacqueline went back for some more water.

"That you had sent her to the Sainte-Vierge," he answered, "and that you were to follow her here—as you did. Parbleu! Even now the nephews are searching the lower town for you."

"But if I had not come before nine?"

"I should have waited all night, monsieur, even tho I had lost my post for it," he said explosively, and I reached out and gripped his hand.

"You may not have seen the baggage here," continued the captain slyly.

I glanced round me. Upon the floor stood the two suitcases, which should have been in our rooms in the chateau, and Jacqueline was busily tearing up some filmy material in hers for bandages.

I looked at Dubois in astonishment.

"Ah, monsieur, I sent for those," he said, "and paid your bill also. When I fight Simon Leroux I do not do things by halves. You see, monsieur, wise tho he is, there are other minds equal to his own, and since he killed my brother, [illegible]"

Here he nearly broke down, and I looked discreetly away.

"One question, monsieur, if it is permissible," he said a little later. "Why does Leroux wish so much to stop your marriage with mademoiselle that he is ready to stoop to assassination and kidnaping?"

My heart felt very warm toward the good man. I knew how that loose end in the romance that he had built up troubled him. And, tho I hardly knew myself, I must give him some satisfactory solution of his problem.

"Because he is himself in love with her," I said.

The captain clinched his fists. "God forbid!" he muttered. "They say his wife died of a broken heart. Ah, monsieur, swear to me that this shall never come about, that mademoiselle be[illegible] his wife. Swear it to me, mon am[illegible]"

I swore it, and we shook hands again.

Five minutes later we had cast off, and the Sainte-Vierge steamed slowly thru the drift ice that packed the gulf. There were no lights upon the Claire, and I surmised that the conspirators were keeping quietly hidden in expectation of Jacqueline's arrival, tho how Dubois had outwitted them I could not at the time surmise.

However, there was little doubt that once the trick was discovered, the Claire would follow on our heels.

Standing on deck, I watched the lights of Levis and Quebec draw together as we steamed eastward. I cast a last look at the chateau and the ramparts. I felt it would be many days before I set eyes on them again.

Then I sought my cabin and fell asleep, dreaming of Jacqueline.

CHAPTER VIII.
DREAMS OF THE NIGHT

JACQUELINE and I were together, the only human beings within a score of miles. We were seated side by side in the sleigh at which the dogs pulled steadily.

We glided with easy monotony along the snow-covered trail, thru the sparse forest that fringed the ice-bound waters of the Riviere d'Or. Seen thru our tinted snow-glasses, the landscape was a vast field of palest [illegible] with scattered clusters of spruce and pine trees.

The mystery of Jacqueline's rescue by Captain Dubois had been a simple one. The young man with the m[illegible]stache was a certain Philippe Lacroix [illegible] Dubois, a member of a good family, but of dissolute habits—just such a one as Leroux found it convenient to attach to his scheme by timely financial aid.

There was no doubt that he had been in New York with Leroux, and that they had hatched the plot to kidnap Jacqueline after I had been struck down.

Fortunately for us Lacroix, ignorant, as was Leroux himself, that the two [illegible] had exchanged roles [illegible] took Jacqueline aboard the Sainte-Vierge, where Captain Dubois, who was waiting in anticipation of just such a scheme, seized him and marched him at pistol point to the house on [illegible] in which Lacroix was kept a prisoner by friends of Dubois until the Sainte Vierge had sailed.

The gulf was fairly free from ice, and our journey to St. Boniface, where we arrived on the fifth morning after our departure from Quebec, had been an uneventful one. We had not seen the smoke of the Claire behind us at any period during the voyage, and Dubois had not spared his coal to show the other vessel his heel

He left [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]

I had given Dubois to [illegible] that Jacqueline had been ill. I was apprehensive that he might question her and so discover her mental state: but the good man readily understood that an elopement causes much mental anguish in the case of the feminine party—at least this supposition was in line with the romantic requirements of the case, according to all the books that the captain had ever read; and he leaped at the hypothesis.

He not only forbore to question Jacqueline, but he explained the situation to Danton, a friendly but taciturn old [illegible]

Danton, who of course knew Jacqueline, took the opportunity of assuring me that her father, tho a recluse and a [illegible]anthrope who had not left his seign[illegible]y for forty years, was said to be a man of heart, and would undoubtedly forgive us. He was clearly under the im[illegible]sion that we were married, and, since Dubois had not enlightened him on this point, I did not do so.

In fact, his ignorance again aroused in me elusive hopes—for if a marriage had occurred would he not have known it? At any rate, I should know soon; and with this reflection, I had to console myself.

Since Jacqueline was supposed to know the route, I could ask no direct questions; but I gathered that the chateau lay about a hundred and twenty [illegible] the right bank of the Riviere d'Or; at [illegible] there were some trap[illegible] and there, doubtless, I could gain further information.

M. Danton had his sleigh and eight fine-looking dogs ready for us. I purchased these outright in order to carry no hostages. We took with us several days' supply of food, a little tent, sleeping-bags, and frozen fish for the animals.

I must record that a small wharf was in course of construction, and that the contractor's sign read: "Northern Ex[illegible]" [illegible] camps accounted for the absence of inhabitants.

In [illegible] was almost unobserved, and two hours afterward, we had set forth upon our journey.

I wondered what Jacqueline remem[illegible] Vague [illegible] seemed to float up into her mind, and she sat by my side silent and rather sad I think she was afraid of the knowledge that was to come to her.

God knows I was, and for this reason was resolved to ask no questions unless they should become necessary. Whether or not she even knew the route, I had no means of discovering.

The sun shone brightly; the air, intensely cold, chilled our faces, but could not penetrate our furs. Sometimes we rubbed each other's cheeks with snow when they grew threateningly white, laughing to see the blood rush to the under surface of the skin, and jested about our journey to drive away our fears

And it was wonderful. It was as tho we were the first man [illegible] woman in the

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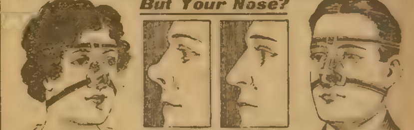

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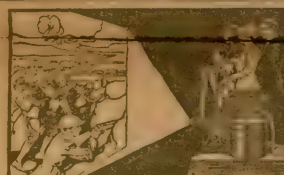

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world, wandering in our snow-garden, and still lost in amazement at each other. The prospect of meeting others of our kind, began to be a fantastic horror to me.

We were happy with each other. If we could travel forever thus! I watched her beautiful, serene face: the brown hair, brought low over the ears to guard them against the cold; the big gray eyes that were turned upon mine sometimes in puzzled wonder, but very real content.

I held her small gloved hand inside the big sable muff, and we would [illegible] for hours in silence while the dogs picked their way along the trail. When I looked back I could see the tiny padprints stretching away toward the far horizon, an undeviating black blur upon the whiteness of the snow.

It was a strange situation. It might easily have become an impossible one. But it was a [illegible] refined above the love of friend for friend, or lover for lover, [illegible] her faith, her helplessness and [illegible]

We tried so hard to be merry. When we had fed the dogs at noon and eaten our meal we would strap on the snowshoes which Danton had furnished us, and travel over the crusted drifts beside the stream. We ran out on the surface of the river and made snowballs, and pelted each other, laughing like school children.

But after the journey had begun once more we would sit quietly beside each other, and for a long time, we would hardly utter a word.

I think that she liked best to sit beside me in the narrow sleigh and lean against my shoulder, her physical weariness the reflection of her spiritual unrest. She did not want to think, and she wanted me to shield her.

But even in the solitude, fear drove me on, for I knew that a relentless enemy followed hard after us, camping where we had camped, and reading the miles between us by the smoldering ashes of our old fires.

At nightfall I would pitch the tent for Jacqueline and place her sleeping-bag within, and while she slept, I would lie by the huge fire near the dogs, and kept watch over her.

So passed three days and nights.

The fourth short day drew toward its end a little after 4 o'clock. I remember that we camped late, for the sun had already dipped to the level horizon and was casting black, mile-long shadows across the snow.

A whistling wind came up. The dogs had been showing signs of distress that afternoon, pulling us more and more reluctantly, and walking with drooping ears and muzzles depressed.

I hammered in the pegs and built a [illegible] collecting a quantity of wood sufficient to last until morning. Then Jacqueline made tea, and we ate our supper and crept into our sleeping-bags and lay down.

"Three more days, dear, at most, and our journey and our troubles will all be at an end," I had said. "Let us be happy together while we have each other, and when our mutual need is past, I shall stay with you until you send me away."

"That will never be, Paul," she answered simply. "But I shall be happy with [illegible] days [illegible]"

And I thought of the text: "For soon the long night cometh."

I lay outside the tent, trying to sleep, but could not still my mind. The uncertainty ahead of us, the knowledge of Leroux behind, tried me sorely, and only Jacqueline's need sustained my courage.

As I was on the point of dropping asleep, I heard a lone wolf howl from afar, and instantly the pack took up the cry. One of the dogs, a great, tawny beast who led them, crept toward me and put his head down by mine, whimpering. The rest roamed ceaselessly about the fire, answering the wolf's challenge with deep, wolf-like baying.

I drew my pistols from the pockets of my fur coat. It was pleasant to handle them. They gave me assurance. We were two fugitives in a land where every man's hand might be against us.

And, looking at them, I began to yield to that temptation which had assailed me ceaselessly, both at Quebec and since we left St. Boniface, not to yield up Jacqueline, never to let her go.

Why should I bear the yoke of moral law [illegible] in the wilderness, with our [illegible] a day's journey, [illegible] leaving me only a breathing spell, a resting space, before I must fight for Jacqueline? Or when her own had abandoned her?

Jacqueline glided out of the tent and knelt beside me, putting her arms about the dog's neck, and her head upon its [illegible]. The dogs loved her, and she seemed always to understand their needs.

"Paul, there is something wrong with them," she said, her hand still caressing the mane of the great beast, who looked at her with pathetic eyes.

I had noticed that they did not eat that night, but had imagined that they would do so later, when they had recovered from their fatigue.

"What is wrong with them, Jacqueline?" I asked.

She raised her head and looked sadly at me. "It is I, Paul," she answered.

"You, Jacqueline?"

"Yes, it is I!" she cried with sudden, passionate vehemence. "It is I who am wrong and have brought trouble on you. Paul, I do not even know how you came into my life, nor who I am, nor anything that happened to me at any time before you brought me to Quebec, except that my home is there." She pointed northward. "Who am I? Jacqueline, you say. The name means nothing to me. I am a woman without a past or a future, a shadow that falls across your life, Paul. And I could perhaps remember, but I know—I know—that I must never remember."

She began weeping wildly. I surmised that she must have been under an intense strain for days. I had not dreamed that this girl who walked by my side and paid me the tribute of her docile faith, suffered and knew.

I took her hand in mine. "Dear Jacqueline," I answered, "it is best to forget these things until the time comes to remember them. It will come, Jacqueline. Let us be happy till then. You have been ill, and you have had great trouble. That is all. I am taking you home. Do you not remember anything about your home, Jacqueline?"

She clapped her hands to her head and [illegible]

"I think—so," she murmured. "But I dare not remember, Paul.

"I have dreamed of things," she went on in agitated, rapid tones, "and then I have seemed to remember everything. But when I wake I have forgotten, and it is because I know that I must forget. Paul, I dream of a dead man, and men who hate and are following us. Was there—ever—a dead man, Paul?" she asked, shuddering.

"No, dear Jacqueline," I answered stoutly, "those dreams are lies."

She still looked at me hopelessly, and I knew she was not quite convinced.

"Oh, it was not true, Paul?" she asked [illegible] gathering each word upon [illegible]

I put my arm around her. "Jacqueline, there never was any dead man," I said. "It is not true. Some day I will tell you everything—some day——"

I broke off helplessly, for my voice failed me, I was so shaken. I knew that at last I was conquered by the passion that possessed me, long repressed, but not less strong for its repression. I caught her in my arms.

"I love you, Jacqueline!" I cried. "And you—you?"

She thrust her hands out, and turned her face away. There was an awful fear upon it. "Paul," she cried, "there is somebody—who—I have known that," she went on in a torrent of wild words. "I have known that always, and it is the most terrible part of all!"

[illegible] "There is nobody, Jacqueline," I said again, trying to control my trembling voice. "He was another delirium of the night, a phantom of your illness, dear. There was never anybody but me, and there shall never be. For tomorrow we shall turn back toward St. Boniface again, and we shall take the boat for Quebec—and from there I shall take you to a land where there shall be no more grief, neither——"

I broke off suddenly. What had I said? My words—why, the devil had been quoting Scripture again! The [illegible] task forgotten, and honor thrown to the winds, and Jacqueline helpless there! I hung my head in misery and shame.

But very sweetly she raised hers, and spoke to me.

"[illegible] if there never was anyone—if it is nothing but a dream——" Here she looked at me with doubtful scrutiny in her eyes, and then hastened to make amends for doubting me. "Of course, Paul, if there had been, you could [illegible] why, let us go forward to my father's home, because there will be no cause there to separate us, my dear. So let us go on."

"Yes, let us go on," I muttered dully. But when the issue came, I knew I would let no man stand between us.

"And some day I am going to tell you everything I know, and you shall tell me," she said. "But tonight we have each other, and will not think of unhappy things—nor ever till the time comes."

She leaned back against my shoulder, and held out her hands to the firelight. She had taken off her left glove, and now again I saw the wedding ring upon her finger.

She was asleep. I drew her head down on my knees and spread my coat around her, and let her rest there. But, tho I held her as she held my heart, my soul seemed dead, and I waited sleepless, and heard only the whining of the heavy wind and the scurry of the blown snow.

The wolf still howled from afar, but the dogs only whimpered in answer among the trees, where they had withdrawn.

At last I raised her in my arms, and carried her inside the tent. She did not waken, but only stirred and murmured my name drowsily. I stood outside the tent and listened to her soft breathing.

How helpless she was! How trusting! That turned the battle. I loved her madly, but never again dare I breathe a word of love to her so long as that shadow obscured her mind. But if sunlight succeeded shadow ——

The fire had sunk to a heap of redgray ashes. I piled on fresh boughs till the embers caught flame again and the bright spears danced under the pines. The reek of smoking pine logs is in my nostrils yet.

Leroux appears again, and with diabolical cunning succeeds in outwitting Paul, and spiriting away Jacqueline. The next installment tells how Paul, left for dead by Leroux and his gang, manages to reach her father's chateau.

❧ ❧ ❧

Birth of a Song.

WHEN Benny Ingsten, whose place was made sure in the song writers' hall of fame when he penned the number found on the piano in nearly every home, entitled, "If It Were Always Summertime With You," took the last vacant stool in the Hamanhash cafe he elbowed Johnny Kane, the melody writer, whose contributions to musical comedies were whistled by bootblack and college professor.

"Lo, Benny," said Kane, reaching for the catchup bottle, "turning out anything wonderful these days?"

"[illegible] ideas. What is there to write about? On the market already are 234,765 songs about the old moon."

"Soothing," replied Kane. "The old moon is as good now as it ever was. There's a new crowd out under the moon every year, y' know. It's moonlight one year and firelight the next. See? And there's an idea for you. Something about: 'I'm strolling in the moonlight with you now, dear, but soon we'll be by our own fireside.' How's that?

"Then again you may think the girl question is worked to a fare thee well. It isn't. Since the year 1 song writers have been pounding out ditties about handsome maidens and the idea is as good as ever, and always will be. Which gives me another title as follows: 'You Make Me Think of Cleopatra When You Smile.' Not bad!

"Also if you're hard up for an idea any time write something about the south. There's one grand place to write about. It's got the north beat a mile. You never heard a number about the beauties of Saskatoon, did you? Or Alaska or Nova Scotia? No! And you never will. Song writers have to let their minds wander southward."

"But I've got a patriotic inspiration, Johnny," interrupted Ingsten, "and it's [illegible] to see the light o' day. What would this here posterity they talk about say about me if I didn't do a war number? I don't want my great-grandchildren to hang their heads when the old files of to-day are dug up."

"Some awful musical crimes have been committed in the name of patriotism," said Kane. "But speak what's on your mind and I'll give you my valued opinion."

Benny reached for a menu card, wrote a moment and handed the following lyric to his friend:

"The whole sky is the service flag
Of our dear old Uncle Sam,
Each star represents a man—
The best blood in the land
And when the golden sun does rise,
With its bars of red and white,
They join the blue and make the
Grand old flag for which we fight."

"Well," said Kane, as he hummed a tune to fit the verse, "I'm positive anyway that our efforts will me[illegible] nobody who knows anything about songs [illegible]"

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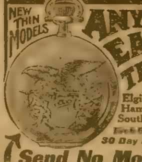

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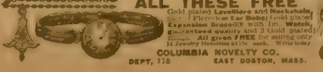

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DO YOU know that chicken feet make good soup? Well, few women do, but most housekeepers know this and use the feet when making soup stock. Others know the food value of chicken feet and utilize them in making some of the finest soups that have ever been served in the hotels' most exclusive dining-rooms.

Usually women of foreign birth, especially the French and German, know how to use them.

If you buy your Sunday chicken from the butcher in your town, or if you kill it yourself, do not throw the feet away. Scald them and remove the outer skin properly. Scald them so as to loosen the hard upper skin. Then remove the nails and spurs, if any, and peel off the top skin. The chicken feet will then be ready for your soup kettle. Feet, however, you may cook in one bowl and pieces and then place them in the soup.

A former student at an eastern agricultural college tells of an episode concerning chicken feet a few years ago.

It seems that a French professor at a nearby university who was getting fresh fowls from the school farm, asked this student to bring him the chicken feet.

"We throw them away, professor," replied the astonished young man.

"Then, then, I wish you to save all the feet from now in the future," said the professor.

When next the student took a supply of fowls to the professor, upon looking over the collection, kept the feet, and let the student take the bowl in which one was. That opened a new source of revenue for the young man—marketing for several months chicken feet at a handsome profit.

These small economies may strike you as ludicrous, but they are far from it. If you really do not know what delicious soup can be made from these feet, ask your butcher to give you the feet from some of the fowls which he may have for sale. If you have from sixteen to twenty of them you will need no meat in making the best soup you ever tasted in your life.

Potato Orleans.

Wash and scrape some large potatoes. Cut in thin waferlike slices and cover with cold water while preparing the Orleans filling.

ORLEANS FILLING: Mince very fine —Two green peppers, 1 large onion, 3 hard-boiled eggs; place in a bowl and add 1½ cupfuls of cottage cheese, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of paprika, ½ teaspoonful of white pepper. Mix thoroly. Now grease a baking dish well and dust lightly with barley flour. Place a layer of the potatoes in the bottom one inch deep. Cover with Orleans filling. Repeat this operation until the dish is filled, having a layer of the potatoes on top. Cover with two cupfuls of thin cream sauce. Bake for forty-two minutes in a hot oven. This dish can be used to replace meat.

Cabbage With Sour Sauce.

After taking off the outside leaves of a head of cabbage cut the stalk from a small head of cabbage and cook in boiling salted water in an uncovered dish, adding ½ teaspoonful of soda. Cook slowly from thirty minutes to one hour, drain and serve with the following sour sauce:

Melt 1 tablespoonful of butter or other fat, then add 1 tablespoonful of flour and ½ cup of milk. Stir over the fire until free from lumps; add 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 cup sour hot cabbage. If preferred, add 2 cupfuls of thoroughly cooked string beans to the sauce. Served well-seasoned.

Creamed Eggs.

FOUR hard boiled eggs one tablespoon fat, one tablespoon flour, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, six slices toast. Make a white sauce from the fat, flour, milk and seasonings. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Add the finely chopped whites to the white sauce, pour the sauce over the toast, put the chopped yolks and sprinkle over the top. Serve at once. Bits of toast may be used.

Creamed Eggs, Macaroni, and Cheese.

Three tablespoons flour, one and one-half tablespoons fat, one and one-half cups milk, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon pepper, one-eighth teaspoon paprika, one cup grated cheese, four hard boiled eggs, one-fourth cup bread crumbs, one cup cooked macaroni. Make a white sauce from the flour, fat, milk and seasonings. Add the grated cheese, the eggs cut into eighths lengthwise, and the cooked macaroni. Pour into an oiled baking dish. Cover with bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven thoroly heated and browned.

Ground Rolled Oats and Corn Flour Muffins.

THREE-FOURTHS cup ground rolled oats, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, one egg, one cup milk, two tablespoons melted fat, one cup corn flour. Sift the dry ingredients together. To the egg add the milk, then the melted fat and sugar. Combine the two mixtures with just a little stirring as possible. Bake in a moderately hot oven in muffin pans.

Braised Liver

HAVE the butcher cut slices of beef or liver one-half inch thick or less and then dip in corn flour and sauté until brown in hot fat. Now add two cupfuls of onions, peeled and cut in slices, one or two cupfuls of tomatoes, one bay leaf, one sprig of parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper. Cover and cook slowly for one hour. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Noodles and Tomatoes.

TAKE three eggs and a little salt. Don't beat, but stir in enough flour to make a hard dough, hard enough so it will be easy to roll on board. Roll very thin and let dry some, then roll tight and cut in thin, narrow strips. Take a can of tomatoes and come to a boil and butter, salt and pepper, put in the noodles and let cook twenty minutes.

Oatmeal Macaroons.

MEASURE two cups of uncooked oatmeal into a bowl, add one cup of granulated sugar and half a cup (melted) of any butter substitute. Mix well and let this soak overnight. Next day add one well beaten egg and one teaspoon of almond flavoring. Drop in small spoonfuls on a buttered tin and bake in a hottish oven, but do not remove from tin until cold or they will break.

Graham Health Gems.

MIX one quart of graham flour with water or milk to a stiff batter, adding one teaspoonful of salt. Have pans (cast iron are best) and oven hot so they will be light. Bake half an hour or until done. Do not steam these gems. Use no sugar or shortening, cream of tartar and soda or baking powder as they are not be health gems if these were added.

Cornmeal Waffles.

SCALD one cupful of cornmeal with two cupfuls of boiling water. Cool and add tablespoonfuls of melted fat, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk and two eggs well beaten. One teaspoonful of soda. Bake in very hot waffle irons.

Honey-grape Sauce.

BOIL together until thick 1 cup of honey and one cup of grape juice. Sweetened grape juice or the juice from canned grapes can be used in this recipe. Some variation can be made by using a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Some like the sauce thin, others thick. Served with pudding.

Pepper Canape.

MIX one large green pepper, chopped fine. Add four tablespoons of mayonnaise dressing. Mix and spread on thin slices of toasted corn bread. Sprinkle very lightly with grated cheese and dust with paprika.

Ginger Cookies.

ONE cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup shortening, one cup boiling water, two teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon and clove. Flour enough to make soft for rolling. Bake.

Sponge Gingerbread.

ONE THIRD cup drippings, two-third cup molasses, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 large teaspoon soda, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt; put hot water in the last thing.

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FOR THE LEDGER BOYS AND GIRLS

The Bird That Knew

KATY came out with her little pink dress, freshly ironed and starched, on. In her hand she lifted her pink petticoat and pretty pink which her mother had that she could see for very

"What a Pretty Dress," Said Mary.

time conscious of her

"Cheap, cheap," screamed the bird
"Mercy goodness!" thought Katy. "I hope Mary and Sallie will not understand what the silly bird keeps on saying

"It is a nice day," said Katy.

"Cheap, cheap," screamed the bird
Katy heard and I don't care a bit
Where I get a dress, says Mary.

Katy heard
Sallie Katy
er had

making
katy was
that hers
fattened
when the bird
"Cheap,
close to her

Katy fattered at
that

The bird
and there, but
did not make any
more noise.

"Why don't you
get rid of the
birds?" said Mary.

They are rather nuisances," began Katy.

"Cheap, cheap," said the bird

"But on the whole, rather like them," said Kat and the bird flew away

The Little Girl Fagin Adopted

I THINK it's an outrage and an imposition on the rest of us, I do! was the verdict of Mrs. Simpson, wife of the mine foreman at Hope Peak, when it was learned that the Farina, the n'er-do-well family of the settlement, had sent to a far-away asylum and adopted an orphan.

"It's the Fagins themselves that need the adopting," she went on, "with Fagin never drawing a sober breath and his scold of a wife such a driver. What's to happen to the orphan when Fagin's fired from his present bit of a job?

"I can't for the life of me understand

child waited until the end of the third day, when the searching party gave up the fight. The

squalid cabin

night following she prepared exhausted

had found Fagin and fed him when he lay at the

with a broken injuries

No sooner had the new
when every man in the
to help bring him in. For ten
after their shouts had died away in the
distance, Fagin's little girl closed her
weary eyes and slept fitfully

to one had gone for a doctor. She stumbled from the cabin and presently her half-numb hands were saddling Beppo, Simpson's mule.

"I must go for the doctor, Beppo," she muttered sleepily. "The doctor will ke Fagin—well, Beppo. Maybe he'll too sick to hit—me."

Her voice trailed off into silence, and next moment the mule was bumping the road with Fagin's little sound asleep.

"I only doctor rose and drew from the window been

liness over his books and pawed cried from

ext moment his pitying carrying Fagin's little girl into house. In some amazement listened to the child's voice raving in delirium

When the doctor left care of the old per

I in and during the before the passed away the doctor day) patient almost r the middle bed look

home wanted de her

climax came about six months after the child came to live at Fagin's. The man went off on a wild fling and was lost for three days. After a desultory search, the miners gave up. "Good riddance!" they said one to another

Unnaturally grave and quiet, the

breathed the child. "Oh, so I am so comfortable not to be Fagin's little girl any longer! You can't think!

"Can't I?" said the doctor softly

Where He Lived.

MARJORIE was telling her next-door neighbor about her contemplated visit with her mother and father to the national capital.

"And I 'spects I'll see my Uncle Sam there, too," she concluded.

"Why, I didn't know you had an Uncle Sam," was the surprised response.

"Oh, didn't you?" Oh, how patronizing reply. "He's that man what lives in the White House."

That Is True.

IF ALL the birds in the world were to drop into the ocean tomorrow, insects would devour in a very short time all growing things, the beasts would starve and when the supply of fish was exhausted, man would perish from the

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Inexpensive Small Gifts

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

REMEMBRANCES for one's friends will afford the [illegible] pleasure in the making, for she knows that her [illegible] enthusiasm because they are so different and useful. The handy girl can utilize many [illegible] es of materials about the house [illegible] a few stitches, make her work [illegible] tive as it is inexpensive.

Few persons would think of using a piece of blue and white striped ticking, [illegible] for a gift, and yet [illegible] of tinsel cord and various shades of twisted embroidery [illegible] a practical bag [illegible] work, crocheting, [illegible] embroidery work on such [illegible] as a handkerchief or [illegible]

[illegible] side of the blue stripes the tinsel cord is couched with white sewing silk [illegible] over the white stripes the [illegible] silk is [illegible]. Many of us have quite an assortment of shades of this silk left from work done so long ago that we have forgotten what it was. If one is less fortunate and has to purchase [illegible] materials, No. 5 mercerized cotton makes a good substitute. This comes in small skeins, and one skein each of six shades will make three bags.

The bag is lined with a light shade of taffeta, and the strings and bows are made of the same. If lining is purchased a good grade of sateen can be used, strings and bows of No. 7 satin ribbon to match finish the bag.

The heart shaped pincushion is made of a piece of pink linen 5 inches square, embroidered in white and finished with one yard of No. 2 satin ribbon. Fold the linen diagonally to form three corners. Thru the center of one side, stamp a spray of flowers with stems and leaves; embroider these solid in six strand mercerized embroidery cotton, using two

threads in the needle at once. As the padding is small, use the same thread as for the covering stitches. The work is not difficult, but should be carefully handled, so that the outlines [illegible] small part are straight [illegible]. The six strand cotton is [illegible] for this fine work [illegible] laundered, the stitches [illegible] together forming a smooth surface, such as is usually seen in initial work.

Sew the edges together and fill with [illegible] together [illegible] securely, finishing with a soft rosette [illegible] in pink, but any of the dainty shades can be used. The material need not necessarily be linen either; any of the plain colored wash materials in cotton having a firm surface, can be substituted for the linen.

The satin sachet pad for this dainty [illegible] by 6½ inches of any dainty shade, and the same of white for the lining. "A breath of fragrance" is traced with a fine [illegible] brown shade, while the large and small [illegible] leaves that decorate the pad, are painted in their natural colors. The effect is charming.

[illegible] sprinkle with sachet powder of a dainty odor. [illegible] with a loop of [illegible] the envelope-shaped [illegible]

For the artist this [illegible] and quickly [illegible] can use [illegible] stamped [illegible] daisy [illegible] or embroidery [illegible] even the legend "A breath of fragrance" may be outlined in pencil, and then gone over with an outline stitch in some harmonizing shade.

Cap and Handbag.

A CAP or a handbag, but not both at the same time—this is the product of one ingenious woman. When it's on her head [illegible] and when [illegible] —but how can you have [illegible] in one without having the one in two—that is a pair of them—when you go shopping? As a top piece the creation has graceful lines, and it sets down well over the head, hoodlike, yet it bears all the earmarks of a hat, while as a handbag it inflates to sufficient capacity to meet the [illegible] around with.

Novel Trimming.

ONE of the smart new frocks for a young girl in a fashionable [illegible] of blue serge. Nothing very unusual [illegible] But the edges of the [illegible] finished with [illegible] the new touch, and it is well worth imitating.

[illegible] a trimming, there is always [illegible]. This is tedious to do, but [illegible] undue length of time, and it does look well and make a neat finish to all sorts of frocks, of silk especially.

Tips on Dress Materials.

THE amateur dressmaker will find it an excellent thing to cultivate a fabric sense as well as a [illegible]. Then there would be fewer [illegible] committed against satin and velvet, which are seen [illegible]

Where a material is compellingly beautiful of itself there is very little or no need at all for decoration. Lines alone can be depended on invariably to bring out or enhance the beauty of a fabric.

The Apron Front.

WHEN making aprons save a piece of [illegible] sixteen inches square. Hem all sides. Make two buttonholes, one on each corner of the top. Sew two buttons on belt of apron about sixteen inches apart. When you are doing dirty work button the square on belt. Saves apron and washing. Can be made of shelf oilcloth, then all you do is to cut buttonholes.

Filler for Pincushion.

RINSE [illegible] grounds, thoroly, after [illegible] dry them to use as a filling for pincushions. They make a very compact cushion, and needles and pins placed in them will not rust.

Practical Economy.

A GREAT [illegible] ruffles, since the top usually outwears several ruffles.

Combined Cap and Muffler.

FOR the man who works outdoors there is nothing better than this combined cap and muffler, which the average knitter will [illegible] of four-ply [illegible] or navy blue are needed.

Cast on 100 stitches, on three needles—32, 32, 36—join them in a circle and knit plain for 245 rounds and the work measures thirty-four inches.

Cast off and press the work.

Gather up the ends, make a pompon by [illegible] the wound wool tightly on one side, cut thru the other [illegible] gather up the [illegible] pompon on each end of the muffler.

For a cap, fold one end inside the other.

Autumn Modes.

MILLINERY [illegible] tone effects are favored.

Organdie and brushed wool form one [illegible]

Embroidery is much used, especially in geometrical designs.

Very little jewelry should be worn, but [illegible]

It is always better to buy one cloak [illegible] for just one.

Cotton Padding.

ABSORBENT cotton is excellent for [illegible] just a bit of the cotton, give it a roll [illegible] it into the required form, place it on the [illegible] factorily, but it is especially good for [illegible] places.

New Ideas.

SATINS promise to be the greatest favorites among silks for fall.

A novel trimming for [illegible] checked material.

As skirts grow more narrow they naturally grow longer.

Use for Old Counterpanes.

COUNTERPANES which are too [illegible] worn for u[illegible] excellent silence cl[illegible] Use leftover pi[illegible]

Silk Plus Wool.

SATINS [illegible] with the wool of an old gown, or a small amount of new material.

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Write to Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been writing to a [illegible] while he was at camp. He always answered my letters but some girls asked me for his address and they have been writing to him since. I have received no letters from him since then. One girl told me that one of the others wrote him something about me which wasn't true. My mother told me to write him and ask him what was wrong. What do you think? Would you put a little present in the letter?

[illegible] in the matter. Perhaps [illegible] have made him believe that you were untrue to him. For girls to [illegible] makes prettier gifts than handkerchiefs with a little knowledge which you can do [illegible] may also [illegible] for the [illegible] pretty piece of hand [illegible] like a dresser scarf or [illegible].

Wait a Few Years.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl [illegible] and have been corresponding with a boy of about [illegible] for about two [illegible] years. He wants me to [illegible] Can you tell [illegible]

Don't make any promises [illegible] You're just a little girl yet [illegible] be thinking of love affairs [illegible] until you're four or five years [illegible] will be time enough then.

Be Patient.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a married woman 20 years of age, and the mother of one child. My husband is in the Army, and before he left we always got along nicely with one another. Now he writes me awful letters when he gets mad at some one, and so takes his spite out on me. Just after I get a letter like that he will write again and ask me to forgive him. He does [illegible] the time. Do you think [illegible]

[illegible]

Army life is so different from civilian [illegible] that your husband no doubt finds it [illegible] to get used to it. So he turns to you with his troubles. Perhaps he is just a little hot-tempered, and says things for which he is sorry later. If you want to help him, you can, don't [illegible] any attention to his outbreaks. He [illegible] I think believe that [illegible] thing he writes is as much as you [illegible] thy and love you. [illegible] be more [illegible]

Talk to Her.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I [illegible] a man of 18, and have [illegible] I have nine months' [illegible] for some time. [illegible] told her I was lower [illegible] and make her un[illegible] more to do with [illegible] my mouth. What [illegible] her change her [illegible] JIM.

[illegible] trouble to believe [illegible] If she [illegible] could not let [illegible] Why don't you [illegible] and make her un[illegible] position makes very little difference where love is concerned?

Leave Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] old, and have been married for three years. Since [illegible] my home town and coming here to live with my husband he has been going with another woman. When I question him he gives me no satisfaction, and acts to suit himself. He says if I don't like his way of doing things, I can go home. I love him too much to leave him, but am tired of his treatment. Please tell me what to do. Do you think [illegible]

[illegible]

There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to leave your husband. Go out and earn your own living, and keep busy all the time. You will soon forget his unkindness. Surely you can't respect a man who acts as he does, and where there is no respect, love soon dies.

Yes, Write.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl 17 years old, and am in love with a young man a year or two older than myself. I went with him last year, and I heard from him on the average of three and four times a week. Just before he left town, his letters to me became short, and I thought he was tired of writing to me, so I asked him to send back my letters. Instead he brought them back to me, and asked me what I had meant. I told him I was sorry, and he said he was not angry. He came and told me good-bye a few days later, but stayed away from town a long time, and did not write. He came back a month ago, and I wondered why he did not come to see me. I have found out that he had been sent to the hospital. What can I do to find out if he ever intends to come to see me any more? Would it be all right for me to write him and ask how he is getting on?

You were very foolish in the first place to jump at conclusions as you did. If you really want to show this young man that you care, write him a friendly note, and if possible go to see him at the hospital. If you show him these little kindnesses, I am sure he will forgive you for what you have done.

Yes.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 16 years of age, and I am very fond of a girl 19. Do you think she is too old for me to go with?

J. A.

Yes. Not only is she too old, but you are too young to be going with girls at all.

Freckles.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 15, in love with a boy of 18. I have freckles on my face, and don't believe he loves me. What must I do to remove them and make him love me?

FRECKLE FACE.

You should be thinking about dolls, and not about beaux. You are too young to worry about whether somebody loves you or not. If you want to get the freckles off, [illegible]

Two Sisters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 20, and have been going with a young man six years my senior on and off for more than a year. He seemed to think a great deal of me, but was very jealous. A few weeks ago I went out with another young man, and the next time I saw him he did not speak to me. But since then he has been friendly" and has come to call at our house. He [illegible] more than me. He [illegible] well, but when I [illegible] more than he does to her. [illegible] the Army, but before he [illegible] he wants to know. The other night he asked my sister whether she should [illegible] for one. And she [illegible] when he told me she [illegible] me. Why do I do? I love the young man, and want him back, but do not care to [illegible]

[illegible] I think the [illegible] giving you a dog. [illegible] me. He probably [illegible] it hurt him [illegible] others. I don't really [illegible] for your sister, except [illegible] ably only jolly [illegible] about the [illegible] frankly that you are [illegible] for your former conduct. If he [illegible] for you, he will forgive you

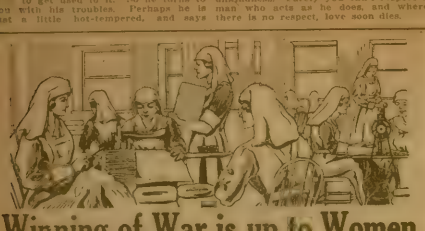
About Teasing.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I [illegible] girl in love with a boy [illegible] and when [illegible] devoted. But [illegible] me with out [illegible] me. [illegible] that [illegible] proposed and declares he loves [illegible] very fond of him, and I want to marry him. Does he care for [illegible] and you?

A DEVOTED GIRL.

I think the boy cares for you. You shouldn't pay any attention to his teasing, and he will drop it. If he flirts with other girls, why don't you tell him that you do not like it, and also that if he does not stop it, you will drop him. No doubt he will be glad to drop the other girls for your sake. Perhaps, too, you didn't take him so seriously, and flirted a little yourself, just to give him a dose of his own medicine, he would behave himself.



Winning of War is up to Women

The winning of the war, and hence the future of the world, is to a large extent in the hands of American women. The patriotic spirit and devotion with which American women have so far performed war-service work and made sacrifices due to the nation's war preparations have never been equalled in the history of any country. Mothers, wives and sisters are called upon to face separation from all that is most dear to them. Many of our women support this burden with strength and fortitude. But those who are already miserable from the complaints and weaknesses which are so common to women should take the right tonic for the womanly system. That weak back accompanied by faintness, nervousness or sleeplessness, are symptoms that should be treated.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the woman's tonic which has had the greatest number of supporters and testimonials for the past fifty years, is just the herbal tonic required if a woman is borne down by the pain and sufferings at regular or irregular intervals, by nervousness or dizzy spells, by headache or backache. "Favorite Prescription" can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid at most drug stores. Send to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a 10c trial package of tablets.

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Have withstood many hardships —without complaint. To combat outbreaks of disease both in war and in peace times it is imperative that the liver and kidneys be kept active. Rid the body of the toxic poisons and you keep well. An occasional laxative is necessary for the best of health. Such a one is made of May apple, aloes and jalap, rolled into a tiny, sugar-coated pellet, and long sold as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets at all drug stores.

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Just to advertise our famous Harmon Ink Pencil we will give away absolutely free a fine ever brooch. We will also immediately send you a ring, as shown in cut, set with a fine imitation diamond, for examination and free trial. If you like the ring, pay our special price of $2.45, otherwise return it and it will cost you nothing. Send size of finger. KRAUTH & KRAUTH, Dept. 345, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

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LADIES TO SEW

ASTHMA

Be a Beauty

Tender and True

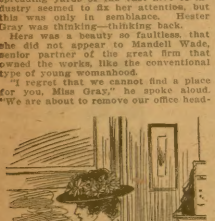
By Victor Radcliffe

[Copyright]

A GIRL stood looking out of an office window of the great implement plant at Acton. The busy scene in the spreading yards of the vast hive of industry seemed to fix her attention, but this was only in semblance. Hester Gray was thinking—thinking back.

Here was a beauty so faultless that she did not appear so. Standell Wade, senior partner of the great firm that owned the works, like the conventional type of young womanhood.

"I regret that we cannot find a place for you, Miss Gray," he spoke aloud. "We are about to remove our office head-



Hester Gray Was Thinking—Thinking Back.

quarters to Chicago, and a new manager will engage his force at that point.

Hester listened to go. She had accepted position in the drafting department as a last resort. It had been a decided "come-down" for her, for she had for years enjoyed some celebrity and a fair income from a book publishing house remodeling ancient illustrations. The publishing house had failed. She had come to Acton to rest, her little stock of money had run low, and rather liking the new environment of the place, she had hoped to secure employment.

"One moment, if you please," spoke Mr. Wade, as she walked. "As I entered the room my eye was struck by your pose at that window. If you will repeat the same, and allow me to call our photographer, I will give you a check for one hundred dollars, the company to have the right to use the picture in its literature.

"How dare you!" exclaimed Miss Gray, flushing crimson. "You ask me to commercialize my identity on a par with a face bleach testimonial or a footlight favorite!"

"You mistake me," Mr. Wade hastened to say. "Your face has strength of character. As I saw you at the window there, its calm and power seemed typical of the substantial practicability of our business here. The artist will amplify not your personality, but the featural type only."

He was respectful, but businesslike. A hundred dollars meant a great deal to Hester. She agreed, and posed for the photographer. Hester was handed a check for the money promised.

"If you should locate in Chicago," said Mr. Wade, advise me," and he handed her his card. "I shall remember your name and I will advise our manager there favorably regarding you."

"Thank you," said Hester, and secretly felt grateful toward this liberal beneficiary.

She experienced a sense of humility as she left the works and her hand crushed the check into creases. With second thought, however, she felt rather pleased at the plain, practical admiration of the business man. Strength, character, not feeble flitting beauty. This man of affairs had paid a tribute to elements she cherished.

"Of what use have they been to me in getting on in life?" she soliloquized. Hester bitterly that eventide, as she sat at the window of her humble home. She was, however, in a more cheerful mind and comfortable. The hundred dollars meant security and a basis to work on for some weeks to come. Retrospective mood was upon her, however.

What had her life been? What if visions of ambition had materially accrued?

She was a girl of 12 again, poor, barefoot and plainly clad. She stood beside a little willow-fringed brook. She held one hand tightly closed, meanwhile with the other dabbling her tear-stained cheeks. She was waiting for the only being in the world who had ever been interested in her, the only one she ever cared for.

He came with a rush, Irwin Dale, a handsome, manly lad of 15, too proud to cry, but tears were in his eyes as he choked out the words:

"I had to scheme to get to you. Oh, it's a good-by, Hes, but I'm glad and the boy and girl, innocent, artless, they stood clasped in one another's arms, their tears mingling.

"They gave me presents," sobbed the boy. "A watch, a ring, and ties from my mother's wedding dress. Hes, we're going away to make my way in life alone, as they call it. Oh, all their hollow gifts are as nothing to a kiss from you, when I love! love! love!"

"I have no gift of value to give you, Irwin," spoke the girl, "except a token. It is a mottled 'lucky stone,' and I have put a bit of ribbon thru it, and I've wept over it, and I've prayed over it, and it will bring you fortune, oh, sure, fortune!"

"I will wear it always. I will cherish it as the dearest gift in life!" cried Irwin. "Then, when it has brought me fortune, I will bring it back to you, and you to be my wife—I swear it."

And them some of his friends called him, and he tore himself away, waving his hand.

She had never seen him since. Her father died, and she had gone to the city, had found work, had scraped and starved to get an education, had seen many hard, disappointing experiences and her ideal had never faded, but hope had died within her.

Three days later, a brisk, energetic young man who had entered the office of Mr. Wade stared fixedly at a large, new photograph on the desk of his chief. The young man was the special sales negotiator of the firm, and he drew the largest salary of any employe in the establishment. He rushed out to find Wade.

"Wade!" he cried, running up against Wade, "the photo on your desk!"

"Who is the young lady?" asked Wade.

"No, where is she? How—when——"

"Hold on—I'll explain. You know her?"

"I have been looking vainly for her for four years and—I love her!"

"Ha! hum! what a romance!" and Wade told his story.

Hester Gray was packed up and ready to leave for the city that evening, when her landlady summoned her to the parlor to meet a caller. She crossed the threshold, halted spellbound, swayed and paled.

"Hester!" spoke Irwin Dale, and he held his arms extended.

"Irwin!" she wavered weakly.

He reached within his vest. He drew forth the lucky stone.

"I have brought it back to you as I promised," he said simply. I have been looking for you ever since the good fortune you wished for me came doubled-fold!"

"At last! at last!" her weary heart beat out.

"All the years, Hester—longing for you, hoping for you!" he uttered, his eyes glad and content, "and now Hester—never to part again!"

What Is Nuxated Iron?

Physician Explains—Says Public Ought To Know What They Are Taking—Practical Advice on What To Do To Build Up Your Strength, Power and Endurance and Increase the Red Blood Corpuscles.

The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually and that so many physicians are prescribing it as a tonic, strength and blood builder in weak, nervous, run-down conditions has led to an investigation of its merits by designated physicians and others whose reports should be of great importance to the public generally. Among these is the statement made by Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and Westchester County Hospital, who says: "When one patient after another began asking my opinion of Nuxated Iron, I resolved to go thoroughly into the subject and find out for myself whether or not it possessed the real value claimed by its manufacturers and attested to by so many prominent people. This is exactly what I believe every honest, conscientious physician should do before prescribing or lending his endorsement to any product whatsoever. If an article is worthless we practitioners ought to be the first to know of it and if it is efficacious we are in duty bound to recommend it for the welfare of our patients. A study of the composition of the Nuxated Iron formula so impressed me with the therapeutic efficacy of the product that I immediately tested it in a number of obstinate cases. So quickly did it increase the strength, energy and endurance of the patients to whom it was administered that I became firmly convinced of its remarkable value as a tonic of disease and blood builder. I have since taken it myself with excellent results. There are thousands of delicate, nervous, run-down folks who need just such a preparation as this but do not know what to take. Therefore I have urgently suggested the widespread publication of the sworn statement of the composition of its formula so that the public may know what they are taking. The complete formula is now to be found in newspapers throughout the country. It is composed principally of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard and glycerophosphates which is one of the most vitally tonic ingredients known. To the credit of the manufacturers it may be said that they use the most expensive form of iron peptonate, whereas by employing other makes they could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost and by using cheaper metallic iron they could have reduced the cost to less than one cent a tablet, but by thus cheapening the product they would undoubtedly have impaired its therapeutic efficacy. In my opinion a careful examination of the formula by any physician or pharmacist would convince him that Nuxated Iron is to be placed among the very highest and most valuable of all iron preparations known to medical science. It excels many that have come to my notice in building up the system and increasing the red blood corpuscles as thereby enriching and fortifying the blood against the ravages

A Woman's Message to Women:

(TRADE-MARK)

R. F. D. 3, Box 38, JOHLTON, TENN.

"Last Spring I was in a critical condition from female trouble. Inflammation, pains, backache and flooding, so that I would have to stay in bed two weeks at a time. I would have to go through an operation for relief. My sister wrote me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which helped me wonderfully, as I am for a thousand at this free time. I can do all my housework. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest thing on earth for female ailments, and I will recommend it every chance I have."

Mrs. Kizzie Anderson.

COLLINGTON, LA.

"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline Female tonic has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered ever since eating womanhood. I got your Opaline remedy; but she is getting along fine now and is up doing all her work. I feel just as well as ever, it has cured me of dizziness, headache, nervousness, and backache entirely. You are using your remedy ever month. I am very glad this to do so, and will say that I am a friend. I can't find words to thank you enough."

Mrs. R. W. Osborn.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of Mrs. Summers' popular Opaline Home Treatment in relieving so much of the misery and suffering among women. Read what a few of them say. If you are troubled with any of the ailments mentioned below, write to Mrs. Summers at once, stating your case, and she will tell you in plain words what she thinks of it. Remember, she will not charge you a penny for her advice, and you will be under no obligation whatever. Her home treatment is sold by druggists everywhere, but if you prefer to write her, she will send you a free trial package of Opaline, enough to prove its value in your own case, and a copy of her book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," which tells you how to use Opaline and contains much valuable information for women. Write her today.

READER, if you are troubled with any of the following symptoms, write Mrs. Summers at once:

Irregular Periods, Painful Periods, Suppressed Periods, Excessive Flowing, Whites, Displacements, Inflammation, Ulceration, Tumors, Pelvic Catarrh, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Backache, Bearing-down Pains, Dizziness, Faintness, Hot Flashes, Melancholy, Blues, Fainting Spells, Pain in Left Side, Pain in Ovaries, Bloating, Kidney Trouble, Dragging Sensations, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Pain in Top of Head, Creeping Feeling, Pain in Small of Back, Pain Between Shoulders, Sallow Complexion, Pimples, Hollow Cheeks, Poor Circulation, Weak Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Gas on Stomach, Bad Breath, Poor Appetite, Sour Stomach, Belching, Fullness after Eating, Heartburn, Faint Spells, Dizzy Spells, Specks before Eyes, Floating Specks, Weak Eyes, Twitching Eyelids, Twitching Muscles, Nervous Chills, Cold Hands and Feet, Poor Memory, Lack of Energy, Lack of Ambition, Lack of Confidence, Lack of Will Power, Timidity, Bashfulness, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Hacking Cough, Shortness of Breath, Hay Fever, Pain in Heart, Fluttering Heart, Pain in Chest, Pain in Breasts, Pain in Arms, Pain in Limbs, Pain in Joints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pain in Hips, Pain in Thighs, Pain in Knees, Pain in Ankles, Pain in Feet, Cold Feet, Swollen Feet, Swollen Ankles, Swollen Limbs, Swollen Joints, Swollen Knees, Swollen Thighs, Swollen Hips, Swollen Abdomen, Swollen Breasts, Swollen Arms, Swollen Hands, Swollen Fingers, Swollen Neck, Swollen Face, Swollen Eyes, Swollen Lips, Swollen Tongue, Swollen Throat, Swollen Head, Swollen Brain, Swollen Heart, Swollen Lungs, Swollen Liver, Swollen Kidneys, Swollen Bladder, Swollen Stomach, Swollen Bowels, Swollen Intestines, Swollen Rectum, Swollen Anus, Swollen Genitals, Swollen Thighs, Swollen Hips, Swollen Abdomen, Swollen Breasts, Swollen Arms, Swollen Hands, Swollen Fingers, Swollen Neck, Swollen Face, Swollen Eyes, Swollen Lips, Swollen Tongue, Swollen Throat, Swollen Head, Swollen Brain, Swollen Heart, Swollen Lungs, Swollen Liver, Swollen Kidneys, Swollen Bladder, Swollen Stomach, Swollen Bowels, Swollen Intestines, Swollen Rectum, Swollen Anus, Swollen Genitals.

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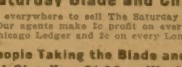

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every vestige of age, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow of the face and produces in the cheeks, preserving it to this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for over thirty hundred years and is more than delighted with the results. Price, $1.00 per box. Sent prepaid, while you can have found at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Mail, Blairsville, Pa.

LEG SORES

The Dayton Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

Properly Classified.

A POLITICIAN who is a great walker was out enjoying his favorite recreation, says Vice President Marshall. After going a few miles he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded the politician; "I will ride myself on your office."

The two rode on in silence for a while. Presently the farmer asked:

"Professional man?"

"Yes," answered the politician, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House. After another long pause the farmer observed:

"You ain't a lawyer, or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got a bag, and you ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession?"

"I am a politician," was the reply.

The farmer gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a business," said he.

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

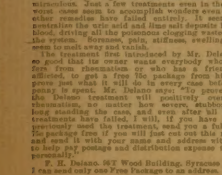
Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home. Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. If desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is truly wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens, lays bare the raw, tight cough, heals the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for croup, hoarseness, bronchitis, bronchial and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to relieve distressing coughs.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



NEW TREATMENT THAT KNOCKS RHEUMATISM

75c BOX FREE TO ANY SUFFERER

Up in Syracuse, N. Y., a treatment for rheumatism has been found that hundreds of users say is a wonder, reporting cases that seem little short of miraculous. Dan J. Delano, who is one of the worst cases soon to accomplish wonders even after other remedies have failed, is now enthusiastic in protestation the wife and said time and despite in the blood, driving all the poisonous matter from out of the system. Soreness, pain, stiffness, swelling just seem to melt away and vanish.

The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that we want everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free the package from him to prove just what it will do to every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, endorse or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, it will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size No package free if you will write him at once and send it with your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally."

F. H. Delano, 967 West Building, Syracuse N. Y. I can send only one Free Package to an address.

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An Unfinished Story

By Harold Carter

[Copyright.]

"IF JOHN AYRE were to leave me," said Fitton & Co., "I don't know what I should do."

Fitton & Co. was Henry Fitton, the famous publisher. He had started in the business five years before, with a capital of a thousand dollars, and his record since then had been one of continuous success.

Many publishers stated that they desired only literary merit in their production, and not big names; but Henry Fitton meant it. He had brought half a dozen new authors to the front. He was always represented on the list of best sellers. But John Ayre was the cause of his success.

Ayre was his head reader, and never let a manuscript piece slip thru his fingers. He had an intuitive instinct which told him whenever a novel, submitted to the firm, was going to succeed. Ayre seemed able to plumb the depths of the human heart—in manuscripts.

But not in life.

"Ayre," said Fitton & Co. one day, "I wish you were a mixer. I'd take you into the firm. But you and I are only a mixer in theory. I wish you were the sort of fellow who could put a little personality into the work, make good impressions, and build up the business."

"I guess I'm only cut out to be a reader," answered Ayre, sadly.

"You're a darned good one, anyhow," said Fitton & Co., and that was true. Ayre had read the little white, faded manuscript from Arkansas, which every publisher but Fitton had rejected. He had spotted its human qualities, he had sold into three hundred thousand copies. He had given Miss Illford's cowboy tale, with its marvelous realism, and changed the title, rewriting most of the book, and the descriptive letter which changed the hero into a heroine and given her blonde hair and a fancy name. That book had run to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand.

Ayre was a mystery. He was a man of 35. Fitton had given him a chance of pity four years before. The man looked half insane. He seemed to have been thru some terrible experience which changed his nature. Fitton had suspected him of drinking. But Ayre never touched liquor, and inside of a year he was head reader.

About a week after Fitton's remarks, Ayre brought his first manuscript. It was written with a pen—a thing which would have condemned it in nine offices out of ten. It was in a woman's hand, and it was tied with pink ribbon, a thing which would have killed its chances in nineteen offices out of twenty. For usually one can tell the type of mind that produces fiction from the appearance of the story.

"What's this, Ayre?" inquired the publisher.

"A good story, Mr. Fitton," answered the reader. "From a young woman in Washington. I am compelled to tell you that it is likely to be the success of the season."

"Why, 'compelled,' Ayre?"

"Because I want to ask you not to accept it. I want you, Mr. Ayre, and Fitton saw that he was trembling.

Ayre left the manuscript on Fitton's desk and walked rapidly away. Fitton looked after him in some astonishment. Then, being himself no mean judge of the value of a book, he turned to the book's perusal.

He was fascinated by it. It was, indeed, a story to a million. But when he reached the end he saw, as he supposed, why Ayre had objected to its acceptance. It was indefinite. He took the manuscript in his office.

"I see what you mean, Ayre," he said, "it's w-splendid story, but it doesn't come out right. The couple quarrel, and the girl turns him down. Years afterward she realizes that she has always loved the man. She is too proud to go to him, but she writes a letter which remains unanswered. So she puts her love into a book. But the story ends with the publication of the book. It isn't a story."

"But it's life," answered Ayre.

"I'll send it back," said Fitton, wondering at Ayre's strange manner. "I'll write the girl that it's a good book, but we can't accept it in view of the conclusion."

However, before the letter and manuscript had been mailed Fitton received a visit from the author in person. A very pretty young woman of about 25 came into his office. She attracted his interest immediately, less on account of her beauty than from the character of her face.

"I called about my manuscript," she said, a little timidly.

"Ah, yes! Sit down, Miss — Miss Raymond," answered the publisher. "The fact is, I have a letter in the stenographer's hands at present, addressed to you. Your book is wonderful. But it is inconclusive."

"Life is inconclusive," answered the girl, and for a moment it seemed odd to Fitton that Ayre had used almost the same expression.

"You bring your couple upon the scene suddenly," said Fitton. "We were greatly impressed. The setting is superb. In fact, Miss Raymond, your novel has the staging of a great success. But it doesn't end. What end there is is tragic. We don't define it as a tragedy, but at least the ending must be made clear. Now in your book the heroine simply leaves home. Now

"What's This, Ayre?"

in your novel she confides her sorrows to trusting that the lover will see it and realize her feelings, which shyness prevents her expressing. If you could change the end—"

The girl smiled wearily. "I will think it over, Mr. Fitton," she answered.

"I hope you will," replied the publisher, "because our reader, Mr. John Ayre, and I think [illegible] and [illegible] want you and Mr. Ayre to have a good talk—over it."

He ceased, for the girl had suddenly straightened herself and was looking at Ayre with a peculiar, inscrutable look on her face. The publisher had only once seen such a look, and that was at the same time. To the latter was on the face of his head reader.

He looked at them in astonishment, and then he understood. Ayre, whom he was human, as well as a publisher, he went discreetly out and left them in his office together.

When, ten minutes later, he ventured back, he knocked cautiously before entering. He heard no movement within. John Ayre and Miss Raymond were standing opposite each other beside the desk. The look on the face of each one made the publisher's heart very happy. For he loved John, in spite of his odd ways.

"Mr. Fitton, I have persuaded Miss Raymond to change her ending," said John.

"Yes," answered the girl slowly, "for, you see, I know the sequel now."

Fitton's hand descended hard on John's shoulder.

"John," he said, "if the sequel proves a success I'm going to take you into partnership. I believe you will develop the qualities of a mixer after all."

* * *

Hun Geography.

THE teacher is reading the homework of little Fritz, which was: Name the European countries to the north. Little Fritz wrote: "England, Russia, belgium, France, serbia, Germany, Italy, montenegro, Turkey, roumania, Austria, Spain."

Teacher—How is it, Fritz, that while you are spelling England, Russia, France, etc., with capital letters, you do not spell the other ones the same?

Fritz—"Teacher, my fader said, those countries hafe no capitals no more."—Judge.

* * *

The Killjoy.

SHE was intensely interested in the novel she was reading and paused only to replace her gum as her roommate entered and approached her.

"How is it, Gwen?" questioned her friend.

"Say, it's simply great, Vivian. In the second chapter he shoots at her four times. Ain't that grand?"

"Sure, but them novels are misleadin', Gwen. There ain't no earnest love like that in real life these days."

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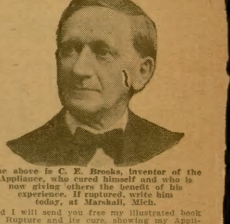

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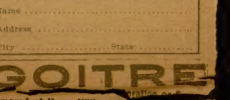

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The Dead Man's Shoes

(Continued From Page 18.)

anguished kisses that Ben's great love shall presently shrive me of, you gave me the secrets you sold your craven soul to secure, and I filled the notes you stole from Ben with lies that will betray your Prussian masters. And what you have done here in Ben's absence shall be used against the enemy. And now I give you over to justice with the fiercest joy of my life—Commissioner Ferry!"

But there was no need of her cry of warning for the watchful police commissioner already had the spy covered. He struggled furiously but ineffectually against the handcuffing; within five excited moments he was at the end of his lane.

"I want you to know that I despise you beyond the power of expression," Delphine flung into his pallid face as he gave her a last cowed look.

We were all standing, mute and expectant, when the commissioner returned to make his hasty goodbyes. Delphine's eyes were shining, and the color surged back into her face as she lifted a sparkling glass toward the flag that crowned the table decorations. "To the flag that we all love more than anything in the world!" she said solemnly.

We drank the toast with quickened heartbeats.

"Here's to the happiness of the best of patriots and the kindest of men," I could not refrain from adding in the next zealous breath.

"I did not dream that so much happiness as this could be crowded into one commonplace life," Talbot answered, with his radiant eyes on his wife's responsive face.

* * *

No Distinction.

"I AM 27 years old," pridefully said the pickle-necked, desiccated gent. "And in all that time I have never kissed a girl or been kissed by one."

"You have nothing to brag about," snarled J. Fuller Gloom. "The average mummy has been deprived of that pleasure atleast two hundred and twenty-two and two-ninths times as long."—Judge.

Where He Saw Him.

THE man stood before the judge.

"How many times have you been arrested before?" asked the judge.

"Never before, sir," answered the prisoner.

"But your face looks so familiar," rejoined the judge.

"I'm the bartender from across the way, sir," said the prisoner.

* * *

An Intimate Friend.

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Clerk—"Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

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